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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1928

Correspondence

The Vatican and *Action Française*

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Sandys replies to my article in some detail. I will take the principal points on which he challenges me: (1) He quotes various reports of remarks attributed to Pope Pius X in favour of the *Action Française* by its ardent partisans. There is no documentary evidence of such views ever having been held by Pius X, yet they are supposed to counterbalance (i) the Pope's two public and indignant repudiations of any wish for the overthrow of the Republic; and (ii) the document issued by the present Pope and published, for instance, in the *Times* in January 1927, in which it is expressly stated that the condemnation of the review *Action Française* was approved by Pius X in January 1914, and directed to be published under his name at a more opportune moment. Pope Pius X was dissuaded from publishing the condemnation at that particular time by those who believed in the possible conversion of M. Maurras. The Pope died a few months later (in the early days of the Great War) and was succeeded by Benedict XV. Why, asks Mr. Sandys, did not Pope Benedict publish the condemnation? (1) Because throughout the war and the period of the occupation of the Ruhr the *Action Française* abandoned its efforts to promote the overthrow of the Republic and simply sought to influence its political activities; (2) Because the influence of M. Maurras's de-Christianizing philosophy was not so evident (being cloaked under a guise of philo-Catholicism) until the Belgian crisis of 1925, when the Catholic undergraduates of Louvain acknowledged M. Maurras as their intellectual master, not on grounds of French politics, but in admiration of his philosophy. The effect of the fantastic paradox by which M. Maurras and his friends sought to exalt Catholicism at the expense of Christianity is well analysed in the *Mémoire* of Archbishop Mignot of Albi, written in 1914: "Enemies of Jesus Christ have proclaimed their devotion to the Roman Church and even theologians have been deceived by these pretences. The awakening may be terrible. I must add that those high in authority have given much care and thought to the spiritual ruin which is being wrought."

Mr. Sandys attributes to me the statement that *among the leaders* of the *Action Française* M. Daudet is "the only believing Christian." What I said was that among the four supreme leaders mentioned by Mr. Charles Petrie in this REVIEW (August 1927), M. Daudet was the

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only believing Christian. But I added, that although the *intellectual* leaders are agnostics, " there are indeed Catholic chiefs of the *organization* (the League, as it is called) who have been made specially prominent during the anti-Papal campaign." Of these Mr. Sandys now publishes a list.

Mr. Sandys complains that the identification of Catholicism and Royalism is no reason for the condemnation of the *Action Française.* As I have already explained, constitutional Royalism is not condemned. But why should plots for the violent overthrow of the Republic be described simply as " duty to country " and not rather as " treason " ? The recent General Election in France has returned a notably increased number of Catholic deputies. May not this be attributed partly to the condemnation of the *Action Française* which has removed the least suspicion of connivance by the Church at a movement directed against the lawful authority of the State ?

Yours, etc.,

LEO WARD.

Ireland and the Roman Church

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read the correspondence *re* " Ireland and the Roman Church " in this month's ENGLISH REVIEW, and I have also perused "Pat's" articles in your October and December issues, and, as a

southern Irish Roman Catholic, I have no hesitation in saying I agree entirely with all that "Pat" has written.

Perhaps you will permit me the hospitality of your very impartial pages to point out that in my judgment, after over fifty years' experience of Irish affairs (I never took any part in politics), the root cause of most of Ireland's woes is to be found in the tremendous influence for mischief possessed and exercised by the enormous number of half-educated peasant priests scattered throughout that country. These gentlemen, living as they do in the lap of luxury, well housed, well fed, well clad, and with plenty of easy money and an abundance of idle time at their disposal, devote the major portion of their waking hours to politics and other lay activities unconnected with their sacred calling, while a comparatively small percentage of those hours is occupied in a perfunctory and mechanical discharge of their more legitimate duties.

The Catholic Church in Ireland, as it has always appeared to me, is just a huge political and financial organization with religion as a very convenient and useful adjunct.

Hatred of England has always been sedulously and artfully taught and fostered by the Church, and the minds of Catholics from childhood onwards poisoned by vicious anti-British teaching.

The part played by the Church in the matter of conscription in Ireland during the war is too well known to require notice here, and the attitude of many of the Irish priesthood towards assassination and other abominations committed by Irish revolutionaries misnaming themselves patriots, during the Anglo-Irish conflict, was one of condonation, covert connivance, and encouragement.

In Southern Ireland today, as always, the Catholic Church is supreme in almost every phase of public and even of private life. The political trickster and agitator is its submissive tool, and the simple, unenlightened, and unthinking masses are the dupes of both.

It is a sinister and a significant fact that almost all Catholic countries seem to be in a perpetual state of either active revolution or of chronic smouldering unrest, as in Mexico, Italy, Spain, France, etc., frequently necessitating drastic Governmental action in order to curb the Church's subversive political activities.

Although I am no pessimist, I have small hope for the future of my country under a native regime, and I am one of many Irishmen who are convinced that the making of the so-called Anglo-Irish Treaty as a concession to murder will sooner or later prove to have been a very bad night's work for both Ireland and the Empire.

At all events, it is my firm conviction that no improvement in Irish conditions may be looked for unless and until the masses determine that they will not be driven like sheep by the political-clerical shepherd. Unless and until they decide to deprive the Church of all control of secular education and to pronounce a decree of divorce between religion and politics. Until they see that they are merely the dupes and the pawns in a devilish system of political-clericalism cunningly contrived so as to enslave both their minds and their bodies. In short, when the Irish people waken up from their lethargy and do some serious and intelligent thinking for themselves, then, and not till then, may there appear on the Irish horizon the first faint glimmers of a real hope.

That time, however, is not yet.

Yours faithfully,

25.3.28. J. T. P.

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Votes for Women

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—A number of people have asked me, "Are you the J. H. B. referred to in the correspondence page of this month's ENGLISH REVIEW?" I hope not, because I happen to be an earnest supporter of the Equal Franchise Bill. So long ago as 1885 I was a candidate for Parliament, and in my election address then advocated Votes for Women, and now, after the experience of having been a Conservative Agent for forty-nine years, am still an enthusiast. We have always had friends among us who prophesied the doom of the Party at every advance of Democracy. At all extensions of the Franchise they have argued, "Masses will be below the average," and yet Conservatism has today more representatives in Parliament than ever.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. BOTTOMLEY.

Conservative Office,
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THE
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JUNE, 1928

Current Comments

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S Budget reveals the author once again as a financial impresario of the first class. Students of the Chancellor's career will note a curious contrast between his skilful present and his more impetuous past. When they might have expected schemes of far-reaching change, to be criticized only in so far as the means available were inadequate to the end, his financial policy shows a perfect adjustment of nicely calculated ways and means to ends altogether modest. The strategist has faded (though some would prefer to say mellowed) into the tactician. This is not to say that the Budget is not wholly good as far as it goes. The readjustments of the basis of taxation which have marked Mr. Winston Churchill's tenure of his great office are wise and will not be swept on one side. They represent one and all a consistent and successful effort to raise vast revenues with the minimum of disturbance to production. But his policy is essentially one of readjustment, not of alleviation. The administrative economies show results most creditable to the Treasury, but those who do not derive their knowledge of national finance from the daily press have known from the beginning that the area of possible savings from this source was exceedingly small. (It has, indeed, rather exceeded than fallen short of expert anticipation.) Of other economies we have no hint.

Mr. Churchill: Impresario

THE central feature of the Budget shows the Chancellor alike at his best and at his worst. The rating proposals do not even profess to reduce the burden on the nation as a whole of those services whose ever-growing demands determine our whole financial position. Rating reform merely changes

Rating Reform

the incidence of the burden. But the change is wise, statesmanlike, and practical. Put concretely, the result must be, at least in some measure, to make the home luxury consumer subsidize our export trade. The owner of one small car may not see himself as a consumer of luxuries, but by contrast with the million or so of unemployed who can only be reabsorbed through a revival in our exports, that is undoubtedly what he is. It would indeed be impossible to find a better criterion of "ability to pay" than the possession of a car, however small, and on this score the Government deserves a measure of congratulation. We must not, however, forget that the subsidization of production is no final remedy. We can no more live by paying each other's taxes than by taking in each other's washing.

Social Services

MR. BALDWIN'S declaration that the social services to which people have become accustomed must be maintained is not a little disquieting. It is, of course, profoundly true that a reduction in the national standard of life would be a deplorable confession of failure, and would mark definitely our decline as a great nation. But the question to be faced is not the continuance of these services, but the method of financing them. In the long run they have got to be paid for by the people who profit by them. The policy of providing the services first and trusting to taxation to pay the cost can only lead to disaster. It is just this policy which has produced today's situation, when our production is hampered by the burden of rates and taxes and widespread unemployment has resulted. Without a definite check to expenditure, an effective control of local administration, and a definite measure of co-operation from labour and capital in the direction of cheaper production, rating reform will achieve very little today, and in the long run nothing at all.

The Acid Test

THE acid test on the Government side will be provided by Mr. Neville Chamberlain's proposals, of which the details are not yet known. There are two essential points.

(1) The definite and final abolition of the vicious percentage grant system for all services; (2) the

provision of machinery for (*a*) a more competent administrative authority for the Poor Law, and (*b*) central supervision of all local expenditure to which the taxpayer contributes.

It may be argued that one of the objects of the block grant system is to relieve the central Government of the burden of a control which has proved ineffective. This, however, is not a sound point. The detailed control has proved ineffective and will be dispensed with. General control on the lines now provided for in the case of the Metropolitan Common Poor Law Fund (though, of course, the control must be exercised by a body responsible to Parliament) is essential in the interests of all classes of the community. As Mr. Sidney Webb pointed out long ago, a local authority cannot be allowed to have bad drains or to let people die in the streets of starvation. It is equally true that it cannot, even at its own expense, be allowed to pauperize its inhabitants or ruin its principal industries. The very liberal measure of rating relief will become not merely nugatory but actually a source of abuse without a measure of control far more efficient than has been exercised hitherto.

No Taxation Without Representation

THIS question of control is not only of economic but of constitutional importance. The Government must be held rigidly to account for the taxpayers' money. They, and not the local authority, become responsible, and their responsibility must be discharged in the spirit, not merely in the letter. The importance of this constitutional point is emphasized by the Chancellor's very revolutionary proposal to carry forward the current year's surplus and to accumulate a fund against the inauguration of his rating scheme. True enough, the money cannot be spent without an Appropriation Act, but the principle of the automatic surrender of surpluses for the purpose of debt reduction has been insisted on in the past for different reasons. It is the only practical safeguard against over-taxation for undisclosed purposes. In this case the purpose has been disclosed and is approved, but circumstances might arise when there was a wholly unexpected surplus. If a change of Government had

taken place in the interval, the taxpayer might then have a serious grievance. We have to accept the Government of today, but we have no obligation to the hypothetical Government of tomorrow. Still less could we tolerate the taxpayers' money being handed over blindly to local authorities which they could not as a body control.

Two Criticisms

Two important criticisms of the rating proposals are dealt with in "Back Bencher's" article in this number. The one relates to the absence of financial provision for the scheme except in its inception; the second to the vicious principle of earmarking a tax on one class for the benefit of another class. The first point seems to us in practice the more serious, for the motor-car is surely no longer a rich man's amusement. The financing of the scheme in future years is more difficult. We may hazard a guess that hopes of a trade revival, fostered by the scheme itself, lie at the back of the Chancellor's mind. Side by side, no doubt, is the anticipation of the General Election. The last, unfortunately, is more certain than the first, unless the progress of the scheme is accompanied by a real reduction of local expenditure, which means a real improvement in the quality and sincerity of local administration. The problem of the personnel of the wider administrative areas foreshadowed will be difficult. It may even prove to be the weak link in Mr. Winston Churchill's attractive chain of causation.

Lord Oxford and Lord Beaverbrook

THE importance of Lord Oxford's diaries can hardly be judged by the extracts so far published, but, together with Lord Beaverbrook's interesting "Politicians and the War," they bring once more to the front the problem of our organization for war. We touched on this point last month in connection with the debate on the Ministry of Defence. Lord Oxford reveals himself as an ideal war Prime Minister, save only for the slight handicap that he had no instruments ready to his hand and failed to create any. His successor failed even more lamentably. Mr. Asquith mistook a great man for an effective piece of machinery. Mr. Lloyd George mistook himself for a

great man. Lord Beaverbrook is profoundly right in stressing the importance of the question of the civilian control of war policy, but he is too much concerned with men, too little with ways and means. His book remains an historical document of importance and a charming exercise in the delicate art of discreet indiscretion. We are brought back as much by Lord Beaverbrook as by Lord Oxford's diary to the view that the channel of expert advice on the higher strategy cannot be improvised in war time, and that it must for this reason be devised and perfected in peace time. It is still more clear that there must be one channel of advice, not three, and that the Prime Minister must remain to support, control and if necessary remove the Minister of Defence, who for his part must stand or fall with his expert advisers, and they with him.

Sir Edmund Gosse

THE death of Sir Edmund Gosse is a severe loss to English letters. But he has been misdescribed as a great critic. Strictly speaking, he was not a critic at all. He was a supreme essayist, whose interests were centred in literature; he had an instinctive appreciation of good literature, and in his later years a broad tolerance of literature rather less good, but he had the mind and tastes of a connoisseur, not of a critic. He had a capacity for enjoying the right things, very little for hating the wrong things. His enjoyment, moreover, was almost purely æsthetic. The critic, by his very profession, must be more interested in life than in art. We have had few such—far too few—and Sir Edmund Gosse, for all his great gifts, was not of the number. The point is worth noting because it is characteristic of our age not to have any accurate idea of the nature of criticism. It is the examination of art not in its own attitude to life, but in the light of the right attitude to life. What is the right attitude? That is precisely what it is the critics function to explore and to preach. And it is because we have today no attitude to life that we drift hither and thither. The reflection of the attitude to life of any given age is in its art, its architecture and its institutions. Today we amend, restore, repeat and destroy in turns. The need for a revival of

the critic's art is a pressing one. No great age suffers fools with a wistful smile, as is our modern fashion. We call it a genial tolerance, but it is merely another facet of that intolerable geniality which makes public men grin in front of the camera. An age without critics is an age without style.

The Pact Again

We move uneasily and with the blessing of Lord Reading towards the pact against war. Everyone is against war as an instrument of policy, but no amount of declarations to that effect will alter facts. The belief that force is a weapon which enables the strong to impose on the weak is at the bottom of most of the delusions of statesmen today. Force is and will remain the only refuge of the weak against the strong. For what we call force is the assertion of the principle of authority; of the rule of law in the face of disruptive tendencies which appear from time to time in all societies. Those tendencies may take the form of a predatory militarism, a predatory capitalism, or an equally predatory proletarianism, and the historic institutions and creeds of Europe must always be on their guard against them. In the very same debate in the House of Commons in which we proclaimed our disbelief in war as an instrument of policy we justified our threat of force in Egypt precisely and objectively on the ground that we could not retreat from a policy which we considered just and wise. Nor could we. In the face of forces essentially disruptive we are charged with responsibilities towards a congeries of minorities in Egypt and in India; our object is not to rule by force, but to insist on the maintenance of government under the form of law, by which alone the rights of individuals and the liberties of classes, creeds and races can be in our view maintained. We shall remain firm in that belief which has the sanction of logic and is strengthened by the evidence of history. What will prevent war among the suggested signatories to the pact is their continued loyalty to the principles underlying Western civilization and their joint determination to maintain those principles without compromise. If and when any of the signatories adopts, whether in good or ill faith

matters not, a creed or a policy which threatens our common heritage of civilization, the rest of the signatories must either fight or surrender. That such a situation will arise is unlikely in the extreme, but the point for us to remember is that it is the policies of nations, not the pacts which they sign, which determine the issues of peace or war. It is only where there is an agreement on policy that there is a readiness to sign a pact. And so long as that agreement lasts, the pact will last. But no longer.

Land and Sea Power

THE whole problem of weapons, properly subsidiary to that of policy, has been brought to the forefront ingeniously and with a definite purpose by politicians and publicists who merely profess to despair (though unfortunately with too much reason) of removing the political causes of war. The case put forward by these people—among whom we may mention Commander Kenworthy and Mr. H. G. Wells—is that it is better, by tying the hands of nations behind their backs, to force them to compromise on their policies than to risk another war. The statesmen of the Great Powers who propose to sign the Kellogg Pact do not go so far. In hard fact, it is doubtful if they go any part of the way. They are just gambling on the continued harmony of their own policies and hoping by a gesture to secure in time on the part of other nations the effective renunciation of those policies of which they disapprove. They are, in effect, renouncing an instrument which they do not want to use against each other in the hope that others who unquestionably want to use it against them will be cajoled by their example into throwing it away. The reasoning of the confessed pacifists is more subtle and their aims are far more positive, even if unavowed. They want disarmament and, in the case of Great Britain, the surrender of our essential belligerent rights at sea, because their real interest is the creation of a new world order which can only come about by the triumph of unorganized force over organized force. They begin, therefore, by limiting the range and power of organized force. Given their aims, their policy is sound, but their aims, nebulous and ill-digested, are not those of good Englishmen or

good Europeans. Some of them are not Europeans at all—which explains a good deal. In accepting the Pact, Mr. Baldwin's Government notes its limitation to powers whose aims are at one with our own. In urging widespread disarmament the pacifists note with an equal degree of satisfaction that it would place on an equality with the Great Powers others whose aims are hostile to theirs. It is no coincidence that the pacifist leaders sympathize with that hostility, or that they are supported by many loyal and able men who do not, but whose affinities nevertheless render them less interested in Europe and its historic religion and culture than we are ourselves.

Government by Under-Secretaries

THE incident of the tax on cigarette lighters reflects no credit on the Government. Whatever our views on the merits of the amendment which would have given a measure of protection to British manufacturers, it obviously raised a question of principle which an under-secretary could not be allowed to decide without bringing responsible government into contempt. The actual handling of the affair in the enforced absence of Mr. Churchill through illness—Mr. Samuel first opposed the amendment, then accepted, then secured its withdrawal—was embarrassingly naïve. Its implications are more serious. The tendency of Governments with a vast majority to treat the House of Commons with contempt is nothing new, but the circumstances of our politics make it not only exceptionally unbecoming but actually dangerous. The haphazard announcement of *ad hoc* decisions made by individuals and supported by the party machine provides (in this case, would have provided) a precedent which the Labour Party, with their allegiance already divided between Parliament and the Unions, would readily follow. The tyranny of the executive is the great danger of the day. A case now *sub judice* is an apt reminder of how great the danger is. The duty of Conservatives is at all costs to conserve the authority of Parliament and to assert its supremacy over the machine. There are signs other than the absence of responsible ministers from an important debate (such

as that on the Finance Bill which saw Mr. Samuel's discomfiture), that the Government are not alive to the situation. An independent House of Commons of which ministers are the servants, not the masters, may be a troublesome thing, but it is a thing which every wise man wants to preserve. Mr. Baldwin, no doubt, is no exception; but whether the central office and the Whips hold the same views is doubtful.

Our Unsophisticated Age

THE publication of an abbreviated Bible "for the benefit of young people" is an interesting sign of the times. Our enlightened reformers tell us daily that we are wiser than our fathers and infinitely wiser than our grandfathers. It is an apt, though apparently quite unconscious, commentary on these assumptions that it should have been thought necessary by so good a judge of modern standards of culture as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch to abbreviate and simplify the Bible for the benefit of the first State-educated generation born of State-educated parents. Particularly significant is the decision to omit from the new Bible "the more sophisticated passages of St. Paul." That we live in what is, intellectually, the most unsophisticated century since the Dark Ages has become fairly clear to careful observers, but this is the first public admission of the fact by an eminent educationist. Its effect is heightened by the earnest pleas put forward that the new Bible should be regarded as a serious and necessary contribution to the problem of national education. Three centuries ago Bible texts were the common stuff of controversy and its language and ideas the common speech of the people. Today we prefer the American idiom. Such is progress.

The New Philosophes

THAT the French Revolution was prepared by the *philosophes* is now generally accepted. That upheaval was an attack on privilege and had the sympathy, as far as its aims went, of many wise and Christian men. The point of importance is not, however, the tenets of the Revolution, but the decisive influence of the concerted attack on current political national and religious beliefs

which preceded it for over half a century. It is not generally realized that precisely the same forces are at work today. Then, as now, new ideas of the relation of the individual to the State, to humanity at large, and to God, are being put forward in the name of social, economic, and natural science. They are being popularized deliberately and almost without challenge by such writers as Mr. H. G. Wells and Professor Huxley, and by such institutions as the League of Nations Union and the Workers' Educational Association. The challenge to our historic beliefs and culture is not being met. Bishops tumble over each other to express their enthusiasm for the sacred revelations of science, and professedly loyal statesmen swear allegiance to the cause of internationalism. Meanwhile Mr. Baldwin vies with Mr. Wells in his ecstatic vision of a golden future. These things cannot continue without disastrous consequences. The apostles of proletarian internationalism and the devotees of the new priesthood of science may fall out with each other, and no doubt will, like all other revolutionaries; at present, however, they are inflexibly united in disseminating an anti-Christian, anti-national philosophy which challenges authority in all spheres, and in doing so gains ground every day among the half-baked, the slow-witted, and the ignorant. Christianity may be a false religion, and patriotism a vice; and we cannot object to the utterances of those who sincerely think so. What is unpardonable is the lip-service paid by frightened apologists of an historic culture to ideas which, if they are sound, must infallibly and rightly destroy that culture in its entirety. The framework of Christian society in Europe is an integral whole. It will stand as a whole, or fall in ruins, as in Russia. And if it falls in Western Europe, it will fall, not as in Russia, but for ever; and our civilization will disappear as completely as that of the Eastern Empires. You cannot have a little Christianity or a little patriotism. You cannot accept authority sometimes and reject it sometimes. Most important of all, you cannot adapt a social system based on Christian truths to the views of those who deny those truths. The controversies of today are not over individual dogmas, but over fundamentals, and they must be fought to a

finish. Two recent events emphasize the importance of this question. The first is Mr. Bevin's public statement that he hoped " to see Labour produce its own culture." The second is the publication of Mr. Wells's manifesto, " The Open Conspiracy." Mr. Wells is happy in his title. The attack on our European traditions is undisguised, and it amounts to a conspiracy to overthrow both Church and State. People will laugh at Mr. Wells's book. Since he wrote " God, the Invisible King " he has travelled far and fast; and God, the invisible Wells appears today as God, the visible Wells. But, for all its *naïveté*, the book will be read—just as the *philosophes* were read.

More Progress

It is interesting to learn that out of 12,543 prosecutions for felonies in 1926 in Chicago, 10,648 resulted in no punishment whatever. We are not concerned to comment on the policy of the State Attorney's office. That is a matter for Chicago. The figures are interesting to us simply because they show that the kind of civilization which some of us in England (indeed, we believe, a majority) would like to preserve rests on no deep-seated human attributes, but on our institutions and the principle of authority. Change the one and abate the other and you will turn Liverpool or any other big city into Chicago in ten years.

Currency Policy

The experts are quarrelling, as is the way of experts, over the Government decision in the matter of the currency notes. One set of experts, advising the Treasury and Mr. Winston Churchill, have decided that the fiduciary issue should be limited (subject to certain provisions for temporary expansion) to £260 millions. Other experts—notably Mr. Keynes—hold that this figure, having regard to the total of currency notes required, might dangerously reduce the amount of gold available to meet foreign calls. Mr. Keynes, however, has himself very fairly pointed out that of the total of Treasury notes (as they are today) in circulation, nearly £100 million are held by the banks, and a great part of this sum is held in reserve. If so,

the joint-stock banks can come, and no doubt will do so in a passing emergency, to the rescue of the Bank of England. Taking the problem as a whole, it is in our view far wiser to err on the side of rigidity than of an undue elasticity. There is at present, for the reasons given, a concealed margin, and, taking that into account, the Government will be unwise to amend their proposals, which already contain a preventive against excessive deflation in the provision for temporary increases in the fiduciary issue. Inflation, on the other hand, cannot be prevented, once the fiduciary issue is placed at a figure in excess of ordinarily possible requirements, always supposing that those responsible at the time consider inflation to be the wise course. It is clearly proper, however, that a policy of inflation should require explicit Parliamentary sanction. The question has, as all are aware, political as well as financial implications.

A Breach of Trust

THE action of the House of Commons in regard to the St. Olave's Tower Bill is disquieting. Here was a Bill, the purpose of which was, in effect, and brushing aside technicalities, to allow the Bermondsey Town Council to break the trust under which the site of St. Olave's church came into their possession. The Bill was backed by the Minister of Transport and carried by Labour votes. The principle of the Bill, which provided for the sale of the property and the application of the proceeds to a purpose obviously not contemplated when the trust was created, is more than dubious; and that a minister should be a party to persuading the House of Commons to turn the trust deeds into the proverbial scrap of paper is, in our view, an undesirable precedent. Such a proposal, at the best, should not be given the active support of a member of any Government, least of all of a Conservative Government.

D. J.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Poincaré's Success.—M. Poincaré's triumph in the French election has been celebrated with all the enthusiasm engendered by "results" in the English Press. We have been told that it represents a triumph of Conservatism over Socialism and is a complete rout of the old political forces of the Radical Left. In France, while it is widely acknowledged that M. Poincaré must be given time to complete his work of financial sanitation, no one is yet definitely clear in his mind as to the political meaning of the elections. By some curious dispensation of Providence, democracy frequently seems to defeat its own purposes and to lead, after national consultation, to establishing a rule by minorities. It is always unwise to judge a cigar by the label on the box; and it would be equally foolish to identify the real political tendencies of the new deputies by the colours under which they fought their elections. But, even admitting that a good many candidates, especially in the south, had to assume a more violently Radical appearance than they will wear in the Chamber, examination of the actual figures of the voting shows that the Socialists, on the proportional basis, would be the largest party in the House; whereas, as a matter of fact, they have actually lost seats. Of the eight million votes cast the Socialists obtained close upon two million and the Communists over one million. The Radical-Socialists obtained over one million eight hundred thousand; whereas the Moderate, in fact almost Conservative, "Marin" group and the so-called Left Republicans between them can only gather two million and a-quarter suffrages.

These figures make the political situation one of considerable doubt. Statisticians, official and unofficial, are busy juggling with them in an endeavour to show, according to their taste, a majority either to the Left, with the help of the Radical-Socialists, or to the Right, with the help of M. Marin's supporters. It would almost seem as though this were another of the many occasions in French politics when the famous *coup de barre* will have to be given by the Prime Minister either Right or Left.

The old parties are only beginning to realize that their days are numbered; that amalgamation, co-ordination, and discipline will have to take the place of individual lobbying and constant chopping and changing of members from group to group. Personally, I like to think that this process of amalgamation may enable M. Poincaré to find a solid and loyal majority more or less in the Centre of the Chamber, and that for the next four years it may be possible to have that stability of government which is essential to the complete restoration of the franc. There should not be any formidable obstacles in his path. There are one or two outside political matters in which it may be necessary for him to play off the extreme Right against the extreme Left; and such is the friction between Conservatives and Socialists and Communists that the unholy alliance sometimes formed between them for the upsetting of a Ministry is not likely to be renewed.

Lobbying and Grouping.—At present the corridors of the Palais Bourbon are filled with deputies hesitating as to their choice of group; by lobbyists who every night over café tables find a fresh foundation for the new Government majority. Two political diseases are fighting for the possession of the new Chamber—the one "groupitis," and the other "coalitionitis." The results of the battle raging between the opposing microbes will probably not become apparent until the late autumn, and in the meantime M. Poincaré will have increased his prestige by the great success of the consolidation loan, which will again enable France to base her bank-notes upon gold reserve. The horizon elsewhere is clear. The mills of Locarno will grind slowly in the matter of the evacuation of the Rhine, and even though M. Briand may be compelled by ill-health to take a prolonged rest, his absence will lead to no complications in foreign policy. In domestic legislation M. Poincaré has outlined a broad programme of social reform which, if it be ever completed, will again offer the spectacle of a Conservative Government putting into practice the sermons of Socialism. In fact, his troubles are much more likely to arise inside the Chamber itself from unsatisfied ambitions of office-seekers, and from the fact that the old Ministry of National Union is not an accurate reflection of the Chamber in its new form. M. Briand's departure

would make a large gap, and it seems doubtful, unless M. Poincaré goes frankly to the Left for his majority, whether M. Herriot can for long feel comfortable in the changed atmosphere. Once a French Ministry starts disintegrating, it has a painful habit of collapsing altogether.

This is no new experience to the Third Republic, and it would only take the customary three or four days of crisis and wire-pulling for another Republican phœnix to arise from the ashes. A regime which, despite all its appetites and corruption, managed to survive not only the tragedy of the war and the disappointments of the peace, but which has gone so near the brink of financial disaster and has yet recovered, has elements of solidity in it which cannot be ignored.

Outlawing War. — Whatever welcome awaits Sir Austen Chamberlain's Note to Washington in America, the French see in it another manifestation of Sir Austen's loyal realism in dealing with international relations. In Paris the desire of the British Foreign Office to see eye to eye with Mr. Kellogg is understood, but it was feared at one time that it might lead Great Britain to abandon what substance there may be in the Locarno and Geneva pacts in favour of a very shadowy Washington mixture. France expected that Sir Austen would endeavour to find common ground between French and American views, and the clarity with which he has put forward what for a better term must bear the ill-omened label of French "reservations" is bound to be appreciated. The fate of the Versailles Treaty at the hands of the Washington Senate is perhaps remembered with more bitterness in France than it is elsewhere, and France does not intend to weaken her Geneva and Locarno safeguards without being very clear as to what she is going to get in their place. If it can be shown that a pact with America can fill in the many chinks in the world's armour against war, especially by the institution of effective sanctions, such as an economic blockade, France will be among the first to welcome such an agreement. But she will move with caution, and carefully test the ground before committing herself to the surprises and uncertainties of a too hastily summoned international conference.

M. Briand has never had much luck in his dealings with America. At the Washington Arms Conference he was held up to scorn as a typical fire-eating Frenchman. Here again he is represented in the States as an obstacle in the path of peace. Yet he is a man who throughout his political career has laboured persistently for peace, and one of the few statesmen of the world who has managed to mix the oil and vinegar of international relationships and has succeeded in blending idealism with practical workaday foreign politics. His absence through illness from the Quai d'Orsay during the progress of these American negotiations may be extremely regrettable. But, fortunately, the foreign policy of a great country is not dependent upon one man, but is inexorably decreed by national interest. There is, however, a lot in the manner of a man in dealing with foreign affairs. It is frequently as decisive as is the *tour de main*, that essential ingredient of good cookery which cannot be measured by the teaspoon or the pinch.

Stabilization of the Franc.—To prophesy is to dig for oneself a trap, and M. Poincaré has been at some trouble to advertise his intention to let the public into the secret of the date and rate when stabilization was a *fait accompli* and not before. English holiday-makers in France in the coming summer, who promise to be more numerous than ever, may, however, frame their budgets in the assurance that in no case are they likely to be seriously affected. The rate can hardly be other than 124 and the date may be earlier than expected, possibly within the next few weeks. If, as I am credibly informed, the return to the gold standard is to be so complete as to include the right to exchange 124 francs at a bank counter for a *louis d'or*, some of the stupendous gold reserve of the Bank of France will soon be transferred to the *bas de laine* of the peasants.

Paris Passes.—Theatrical sentimentalists and a few rheumy-eyed old boulevardiers are likely to be the only mourners over the destruction of the Porte-St.-Martin Theatre, which is to give way to a big stores building in 1931. Anything more uncomfortably antiquated than this theatre, which was built in 1871 and never ventilated, cannot be imagined; and the knowledge that

Lemaître, Sarah Bernhardt, and Coquelin once played there, that there were produced "Ruy Blas," "Chantecler," and "Cyrano de Bergerac" was never sufficient to cushion the world's hardest *strapontins* or make the stalls any more roomy. It was not one of the architectural beauties of Paris, but may very easily be superseded by something worse. To weep over its disappearance as another sign of the decay of the *grands boulevards* is a belated emotion. As a great artery of fashion the boulevards have been dying for many years. Decay set in even before the war. Now banks and cinemas have taken the place of theatres and famous restaurants. There is hardly a café of character left. The Rue de la Paix is almost alone in the centre of town in preserving its old tradition of elegance. The Champs-Elysées have utterly succumbed, and there is but a very small number of private houses left in a thoroughfare which only thirty years ago felt itself shamed by a few smart shops.

Much of the charm of Paris lay in the intimacy of her daily life. Restaurants, cafés, and hotels were small and discreet. Now the hotel with 400 bedrooms and 400 bathrooms and the café with acres of floor space reign supreme, and the Latin quarter itself is forsaking the small *bistro* for the Palace-Brasserie. Even the Agile Rabbit, the "Café des Assassins" of old Chat Noir days, has run away from behind Montmartre Hill.

The Season.—Society, having decided that politicians have had enough attention paid to their activities, has started tiring itself out in preparation for Deauville, Le Touquet, and Vichy. The season tends each year to drag on a little beyond the middle of July. There was a time when it was social suicide to be seen in Paris after the Grand Prix, and if your affairs brought you to the capital you lurked behind shuttered windows. The motor-car has played a great part in this, as in most other social changes, in recent years. There are few places so remote that the latest 60 h.p. cannot bring one to Paris for a day without undue fatigue, and 1928 will see the development of last year's after-season, which was a pleasant period of informal gatherings, where clothing ranged from pearls and tweed to pearls and

brocade, according to whether the guests were travelling or staying the night.

A notable feature of the season, apart from the stereotyped charity balls, race meetings, and other such society fixtures, is the Mozart Festival, for which Herr Bruno Walter has come to Paris. Herr Max Reinhardt has also left Berlin to stage-manage some of the productions of the International Theatre Festival, Gémier's pet scheme for abolishing in drama the national frontiers which, in art as in actuality, have customs and passport nuisances. The presence of Berlin's chief producer and chief conductor in Paris marks the lowering of one of these barriers. The ten years since the war have not gone so far in France as in England towards obliterating anti-German prejudice. There are many Germans in Paris, but one does not hear their language spoken in the streets and public conveyances of Paris nearly so often as in London. Possibly they prefer to speak French, in which their national accent can always pass for Alsatian.

La Semaine de Bonté.—There is something child-like, both in its charm and its puerility, about a great nation solemnly setting out to have an annual "Kindness Week." For the second year this has just been held, and it is rather depressing to realize how frequently kindness seems to have no weapon save a concert, and how seldom the concert is first-class. Music is the Mary Ann of charity; administered first-hand to the poor and unhappy, she is supposed to cheer and enliven them; more attractively arrayed, she is to benefit them at second-hand by attracting paying audiences. This year's *semaine de bonté* produced concerts for the aged poor, for the ailing young, for the necessitous worker, for the homeless; on behalf of dogs, cats, and ragpickers' donkeys; for and at prisoners, already under sentence; and—supreme effort of kindness in its official aspect—the street sisterhood, which was to have been asked to tea by a band of sheltered ladies, in order to show that "they can count on our solicitude for them," has been deprived of that gathering owing to the unripened nature of public opinion, but will benefit by Kindness Week to the extent of a concert given to ex-prisoners of St. Lazare.

The Budget Proposals for the Relief of Industry

By "Back Bencher"

THE Budget speech of this year was awaited with unusual interest, because it was generally understood that Mr. Churchill would take this opportunity to make a statement on the policy of the Government for the assistance of industry. Those who anticipated a sensational proposal were not disappointed.

For some time past all parties have been agreed that local rates constitute a direct burden on productive industry, and each party in turn has thrown out suggestions whereby this burden might be lightened, if not removed altogether. It is the purpose of this article to examine the proposals put forward by the Government and to indicate some of the changes that must result if they are carried into effect.

Broadly speaking, moneys required for local purposes are raised in accordance with the principles laid down by 43 Elizabeth, cap. 2, an Act which is the foundation of our Poor Law system and which enabled the overseers of the poor to tax all occupiers of lands, houses, coal-mines, woods, and similar properties for the maintenance of the destitute. Thus the liability for assessment for rates is, generally speaking, laid upon the occupiers of real property, and the amount that each individual has to contribute is determined by the amount of assessable property that he occupies, and not by his ability to bear the burden. It is obvious that a system of this kind bears with exceptional severity on the producer, merely because by the nature of his business he is compelled to occupy large and often costly premises, whilst the merchant or professional man frequently is able to conduct his business in a comparatively small office, or even in one of the rooms of his private dwelling. The injustice of this system of local taxation was recognized in the case of the farmer by the Agricultural Rates Act of 1896, which provided that agricultural land should be assessed at one-half of its annual value; but the manufacturer received no relief until 1925, when machinery was exempted by the Rating and Valuation Act of that year.

Intimately connected with the problem of local rating are two other very complicated problems, that of the distressed areas and that of the financial relations between the central Government and the local authorities.

Let me deal first with the distressed areas. This question is a novel one, which did not exist before the war. It affects only certain parts of the country, notably the North-East Coast and parts of South Wales, and is largely due to three causes. First, the general world exhaustion after the war and the consequent reduction of purchasing power over a large portion of the globe; secondly, the post-war inflation of European currencies, which enable many of our competitors to meet their debt obligations by a very small actual payment, thereby greatly reducing the overhead charges on their industries; and lastly, the fact that in many cases the areas depend for their prosperity on one or two industries. When a firm is compelled to close down, it ceases to pay rates, and the loss has to be borne by the other ratepayers in the district. Where the entire industry in a district is in a precarious condition, this extra burden may easily compel other firms to close down in their turn and thus aggravate the evil.

The other problem of the financial relations between Whitehall and the local authorities is much older, though it has become more serious of recent years. Originally the duties imposed upon local authorities were of a comparatively slight nature: the maintenance of order in their areas, the provision of roads, and, if they undertook them, sewerage, light, water, etc. The Education Act of 1902 imposed upon local authorities the duty of carrying out the provisions of the Elementary Education Act of 1870, permitted them to raise a rate for this purpose, and authorized a grant-in-aid from the Exchequer. Since that date it has become a habit with Parliament to impose an ever-increasing number of duties on local authorities and to make grants from the Exchequer of one-half and upwards of the cost of administering such services. This system has three inherent disadvantages. First, it is almost impossible for Parliament to ascertain the amount that may be required in any financial year to meet the claims of the local authorities; secondly, it transforms the local authorities from autonomous bodies

responsible to their own electors into administrative bodies carrying out the behests of Parliament, with all the resulting interference by Whitehall with local activities. Lastly, the knowledge that half the expenditure on a service will be met from the Treasury is not conducive to economy.

Let us now consider the Government proposals for dealing with the problems briefly indicated above. These proposals are fourfold, namely, the complete de-rating of agricultural land, the transference of three-quarters of the burden of rates on productive enterprises to the national Exchequer; relief to railways and docks;—such relief being passed on to the trader in the shape of reduced freight charges for certain specified classes of goods—and the substitution of block grants for percentage grants to local authorities for all services other than education and road maintenance. The whole scheme is to come into operation on October 1, 1929.

The scheme is at first sight attractive. For the first time for many years the importance to the nation of the producer is definitely recognized, and an attempt is made to relieve him of a part, at least, of the burdens that have been imposed on him by modern legislation, and thus to place him in a better position to meet world competition. The financial relations between the central Government and the local authorities are to be simplified. This should lead both to greater local autonomy and to economy, since under the block grant system incessant reference of detail to Whitehall will no longer be necessary, and a considerable reduction of staff, both in London and in the provinces, should result.

The proposed reduction of freight charges should be a direct assistance to the heavy industries and to a lesser extent to agriculture; but perhaps the best feature of the scheme is the relief it will give to the distressed areas by the reduction of rates on productive enterprises. Not only should this break the vicious circle by which each industry that closes down adds to the burdens of those which survive, thus compelling the weaker amongst the survivors to close down in their turn, but it is to be hoped that this reduction will induce new industries to settle in these areas, thus giving employment to the inhabitants. Of recent years new industries have tended

to avoid such localities, because of the heavy burden of the rates. New factories have been built in parts of the country where rates are low, and by their demand for labour they have necessitated the erection of new houses, often of nearly new cities, for a transferred population, whilst in other parts of the kingdom there are the people unemployed, there are the houses for the workers with all the paraphernalia of modern civilization, but there is no work to be had, because no industry can face the burden of the excessive rates in those areas.

As regards agriculture, the total relief of agricultural land from rating has long been demanded by the farming community, and will be a distinct, if not very large, benefit to the industry. The scheme is, of course, open to many criticisms. For instance, why should the relief be delayed until 1929, when it is notorious that many of those whom it is designed to help are at present on their last legs? What is a "productive industry," and how is it to be defined? Would it not be better to give the relief only to the necessitous industries instead of to all alike, regardless of whether they are in need of assistance at once?

With regard to the first of these criticisms, the scheme involves a revaluation of a vast number of properties throughout the country, and it is obvious that this cannot be carried out in an instant. The second will undoubtedly give rise to many thorny questions, and there will be many cases on the border line; but, on the whole, it may be said that most people know what is meant by a productive industry, and the final definition is a matter for careful consideration by Parliament.

The last criticism is the most plausible, but a few moments' reflection will show that it is not sound. For one reason, even in the most distressed industries and in the worst areas there are individual concerns that are making good profits, and to give relief only to those industries which are not prosperous would entail the examination every year of the books of each individual concern to see whether or not it had made a profit. The resulting uncertainty would make the remedy worse than the disease.

There are, however, more serious objections to the

scheme than these. First and foremost, there is the method by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to finance it. In his Budget speech Mr. Churchill estimated the cost of these proposals at £29,000,000 per annum. To meet this annual charge he proposes to place a duty of 4d. per gallon on petrol, which he estimates will bring in about £15,000,000 in the full financial year 1929–30, and about £16,000,000 in the year 1930–31. It is quite obvious that the proceeds of the petrol tax will not suffice to meet the sums required for rating relief for many years to come, even if we concede that the amount allowed by the Chancellor for this purpose will not have to be increased in future years.

Mr. Churchill's method of meeting the immediate deficiency is to transfer the surplus for 1927–28, viz. £4,239,000, and the surplus, estimated at fourteen and a-half millions, for 1928–29—it will probably be less, owing to the abandonment of the kerosene duty—to a suspense account. This proposal amounts to a revolution in our financial and constitutional procedure; but leaving aside this aspect of the question, it is evident that the £18,000,000 Mr. Churchill hopes to secure by this method will not suffice to meet a deficiency of from £10,000,000 to £12,000,000 per annum for more than a short period, and that some future Chancellor of the Exchequer will be driven to find new sources of revenue if the relief of three-quarters of their rates is to be continued to productive industries. Moreover, the principle of taxing one class of the community for the benefit of another is in itself objectionable, and may easily afford a dangerous precedent to any future Socialist Government.

Another aspect of this scheme that will require very careful consideration is that it entails fundamental alterations in our whole system of local government. At the moment of writing no details are known of the Government's proposals in this direction, but both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who spoke in the debate on the Budget, foreshadowed very far-reaching changes, and by the exercise of a little intelligent anticipation it is possible to hazard, with fair accuracy, a guess as to the nature of some, at least, of the proposed alterations. One, at any rate, seems certain—the incorporation

of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for the reform of the Poor Law into the general structure of the rating relief scheme. It will be remembered that Mr. Chamberlain's Poor Law Reform Bill, which proposed the abolition of the guardians and which he had hoped to pass into law before now, had to be dropped owing to the hostility it evoked in the rural districts; but, like the phœnix, it appears to be arising with renewed vigour from its own ashes.

Another alteration that is clearly foreshadowed is either the abolition of the smaller local authorities, or at least a drastic curtailment of their activities.

For some time past it has been the policy of Whitehall to increase the powers of county and borough councils at the expense of the district councils, and it is evidently proposed to transfer a great many of the duties of the latter, including the maintenance of unclassified roads, to the former. In the long run such a transfer may or may not prove beneficial, but it is bound to arouse a great deal of hostility, and it is doubtful whether any gain there may be in administrative efficiency will be sufficient to compensate for the loss of local knowledge. Moreover, it is notoriously difficult to find suitable candidates for election to county councils, owing to both the time and expense required for the fulfilment of the duties of a county councillor, and if serious additions are made to these duties, it seems probable that the efficiency of county councils will be seriously decreased.

Lastly, there is a fear in the minds of many Conservatives that these proposals are put forward as an alternative policy to that of the Safeguarding of Industries. That the Government proposals, if carried out, will ultimately benefit industry is, I think, indubitable, but the benefit will inure but slowly, and meanwhile many industries are in a desperate state. The proposals are bold in conception and far-reaching in design. Their fulfilment will require time, for there are many obstacles in the way, obstacles that it will not prove possible lightly to brush aside. We may even find ourselves treading administrative and legislative paths hitherto undreamed of, and we must take care that in exploring this new ground we do not lose sight of other means of restoring our national prosperity.

The Budget & Local Government

By C. M. Lewis

In so far as it relates to the finance of local government, the Budget and the proposals linked with it introduce two reforms of cardinal importance.

Hitherto the local authorities have depended for a large part of their revenues upon grants out of the national exchequer. The amount granted has been a percentage (usually 50 per cent.) of the amount spent locally upon such services as public health, education, police, and roads. From the point of view of the local authorities the rule has been, "the more you spend, the more you get." Percentage grants have been frequently and severely criticized as an incitement to extravagance. As such, they were condemned by the Geddes Report in 1922, and more lately by Mr. Churchill in his Budget speeches. Now they are to go (except in the case of police and education), and block grants of fixed sums, invariable over quinquennial periods, are to take their place.

The effect will be that (except as regards police and education) any fresh or increased expenditure will in future be borne exclusively by local ratepayers and the whole benefit of economies will go to their relief. The simple rule of finance and common sense, that he who calls the tune must pay the piper, will be enforced.

There will be the further gain that the army of officials and inspectors now employed between the local governments and the ministries to verify local accounts and expenditure will not to the same extent be required. Duality of control will tend to be replaced by local autonomy.

It is very much to be deplored that police and education—two principal departments of municipal extravagance—are to be excluded from the scope of this greatly-needed and long-overdue reform. That the exception should have been made is the more remarkable since in 1925 the Minister of Education issued circular No. 1,371, in which block grants were recommended as especially applicable to the education service. It seems reasonable to ask what has happened since 1925 to compel a reversal of policy on the part of the Minister. Moreover, every argument which can be adduced against percentage

grants in general is equally valid against their application to education or police. The perpetuation of the vicious percentage system in these two departments is one of the gravest blemishes of the Budget—a blemish which, one may be permitted to hope, will be removed before the final stages are reached.

The second reform introduced by the Budget is more concerned with constitutional and economic than with financial principles. Incorporated trading companies have for many years owned the principal instruments of industrial production in this country. They have been exposed to the full weight of local taxation and at the same time have been debarred from the voting power which might have safeguarded their interests. The rule that taxation and representation shall go hand-in-hand has been flagrantly violated, with results which have been disastrous in some of the industrial districts. In the mining areas, for example, it has been usual for the voteless railway and mining companies to pay two-thirds of the rates, while voting power has been concentrated in the householders who paid but a small proportion. The great majority of the householders were faithful members of the Miners' Federation which dominated local politics and freely ordered expenditure, the cost of which was principally borne by the capitalist companies. It is scarcely to be wondered at that rates in many cases have reached and exceeded 30s. in the £, and that the banks are in control, if not in possession, of half the industry.

The existing rating system not only violates the constitutional rule already referred to, but also flatly defies an elementary canon of taxation to the effect that taxes should fall upon profit and not (as do the rates) upon cost. For a tax upon cost damages competitive power and tends to destroy at its source the revenue which it attempts to tap.

In so far as may be expected in politics, the Budget terminates an impossible situation. After October 1929 agriculture is to be completely, and other productive industry to the extent of three-quarters, exempt from rating. What is astonishing is, not that abuses should now be abolished, but that a system so unsound and so

vicious should have been tolerated for such a length of time in a country old in political and economic experience. Seven winters of unemployment and an extremity of national misfortune have been required to demonstrate that industry is suffering from an unsupportable burden of taxation. Little can be said in defence of a Government which has been in power, except for one short interval, since 1922, which during that time has watched the principal industries of Great Britain descend into ruin, and which after five years of office and inaction makes the remarkable discovery that the rating system is Elizabethan and wholly unfitted for modern requirements.

The only valid criticism which can be directed against this part of the Budget is that it comes too late. The stable door is to be locked after the exit of the horse—or, more accurately, the door is to be locked in eighteen months' time. Immediate succour would be deplorably belated; that it should be delayed for a year and a-half is unthinkable.

The two principal reforms heralded by the Budget—the block grants and the exemption of industry from rates—converge into a single clear strategic principle. On the one hand, the contributions of the Exchequer are to be fixed and in variable sums. On the other, the amount which can be extracted from industry will be too small to offer temptation. The remaining revenue required for local government must therefore be found by the householders with the votes. And here lies the chief excellence of the Budget. Those who vote for extravagance will in future be compelled also to pay for it. Thus guarantees will be provided that public funds will be dispensed with greater scruple and frugality than in times past.

As a whole, the Budget proposals are bright with promise and good omen for the future. They are an acknowledgment of error and a guarantee of remedy. They ought to be, and no doubt will be, criticized with the object of making them more comprehensive and more immediate in their application. Otherwise they embody a courageous and genuine attempt to apply sound principles to the local government of Great Britain. In constructive statecraft they are unsurpassed by any proposals which have been laid before Parliament.

Economic Relations Between Soviet Russia and Italy

By Luigi Villari

POLITICAL and commercial relations between the various civilized Powers and Soviet Russia a few years ago were regarded as one of the greatest international problems, and the re-establishment of normal trade conditions with the latter was believed to be essential for the restoration of economic health to post-war Europe. But the importance of commercial relations with Russia has been largely exaggerated. The vast size and population of the country and its undoubted natural resources have tended to deceive foreign observers as to its actual possibilities, as distinguished from the possibilities of a very remote and uncertain future. It is an illusion not unlike that which blinded Europe as to the political and military strength of Russia. Throughout the nineteenth century Europe was under the incubus of Russian almightiness, although, whenever that almightiness was put to the test, it proved largely fictitious. The defeats of Russia in the Crimea, the enormous difficulties which she encountered in her campaigns against a weak Power like Turkey, and her crushing defeat in the Russo-Japanese war, did not served to enlighten the rest of the world as to Russia's real weakness. Even her final collapse in the world war and the disintegration of the country as a result of the revolution have not sufficed to open the eyes of the people of other countries, and the activities of the Soviet Government and the disorganized Red army, useless for international war, have also been to a large extent exaggerated. Although the intentions of Soviet Russia were undoubtedly directed towards the destruction of European civilization, its capacity for accomplishing it is, to say the least, problematic. She was able to do a great deal of harm in the immediate post-war years, when all Europe was in a state of weary collapse, but she has not succeeded in disintegrating any single country; everywhere salutary reactions have defeated these attempts.

Similarly, the economic possibilities of Russia have been much exaggerated. The disorganization of her economic system, already apparent under the Tsarist

regime, has precipitated into chaos, and while in the first years of Soviet rule the foreign trade of Russia was practically nil, even in more recent times, when a semblance of order has been re-established, its total amount is still very small.

As for Italy, while she did not at first recognize or conclude any agreements with Soviet Russia, that country exercised a considerable influence over Italian internal conditions. Relations between the Russian Bolsheviks and the Italian subversive parties were very intimate, and the Italian Socialists' party at the Bologna Congress of 1919 assumed the style of "Maximalist" to stress its subservience to Moscow. Russian money helped to finance the various revolutionary outbreaks in Italy during the years 1919–1922, and direct encouragement was given to the great political strikes of that period. Even after the split between the Communists and the Socialists at the Leghorn Congress of 1921, when the Bulgarian Jew, Kabatchev, in the name of Soviet Russia, pronounced the major excommunication against the Socialists, there was never a real break between the latter and Russian Bolshevism. Great pressure was brought to bear on the Government, both by the various subversive groups and by certain business men who hoped to secure new outlets, to recognize Soviet Russia, and negotiations to that effect were begun. A trade delegation was admitted to Italy, and a Russian political delegation attended the Genoa Conference in 1922. A first agreement with Russia was concluded in December 1921; another commercial convention was signed at Genoa in May 1922; but the Soviet Government refused to ratify it. A beginning of commercial relations between the two countries was effected and a certain amount of trade carried on. When Signor Mussolini came into power in October 1922 he felt strong enough to recognize Russia, and on February 7, 1924, a regular commercial treaty was concluded with her, as his Government need have no fear of illicit interference by Soviet agents in Italian internal affairs. A Russian embassy was established in Rome, but the Soviet Government well knew that the Fascists would not stand any nonsense, and consequently abstained from political intrigues in Italy of the kind unblushingly practised in other countries.

It is difficult to conceive of two more radically different

systems of government than those of Russia and Italy. That of Italy stands for reconstruction, progress in every field, and the rehabilitation of spiritual values, whereas Soviet Russia represents the exact contrary of all this. But such divergences need not necessarily preclude the maintenance of relations in the political and economic field. It is to Italy's interest that normal relations be established with Russia, as anything which contributes to restore normal conditions is beneficial to all countries, Italy included. That this has not yet been possible is due to the peculiar methods of the Soviet Government in the economic as well as the political field, and its attempts to play one foreign country off against another have contributed very considerably to prevent a return of normal intercourse.

There is reason to believe that Russia's economic and financial conditions are at the present moment so bad that she will be forced, sooner or later, to come to terms with the civilized world or perish. No doubt she may be able to secure such assistance, but it is to the common interest that before granting it very stringent guarantees should be obtained. No country has any wish to burn its fingers in the process, as has happened in the past, and as Joseph Chamberlain once said, in speaking of relations with pre-revolutionary Russia, when eating with the Devil, it is advisable to use a long spoon. The story of Italo-Russian commercial relations is characteristic of the difficulties of dealing with Russia, and may afford a useful lesson on the advantages of a common policy in this field, although it is well to bear in mind that however satisfactory a basis may be found for trade between Russia and the rest of the world, such trade cannot for a long time amount to very large figures. There should be no illusions on this point.

The balance in Italo-Russian commercial relations, which have never been very important, has always been strongly in Russia's favour, except in 1921–22. In that fiscal year, the first in which trade on any scale was undertaken between the two countries, Russia exported 70,000—the figures represent the worth of goods in roubles—to Italy, while Italian exports to Russia amounted to 2,156,000. In 1922–23 the position was reversed, and Italy exported 743,000 to Russia, while she imported 3,362,000. In 1924–25 Russian exports to Italy amounted

to 15,433,000, while those from Italy to Russia were 5,237,000. The following year the disproportion was less great, as Russian exports to Italy were 33,481,000, while those from Italy to Russia were 23,196,000, although the balance was still favourable to Russia. In 1926–27 the balance was again excessively favourable to Russia, whose exports were 37,658,000, as against only 3,152,000 from Italy.

The causes of the smallness of these totals and of the fact that the balance is so favourable to Russia are various. In the first place the monopoly of foreign trade enjoyed by the Soviet Government, while it tends to restrict trade in general very considerably, reacts more unfavourably, in the first instance, on imports than on exports. Russia's systematic policy is to develop exports and restrict imports, and it is able, through its foreign trade monopoly, to control trade in this sense. The fact that exports from Russia are not even larger than they are is due to the general poverty, backwardness, and lack of development of the country, and to the handicaps placed by the Soviet system on all forms of production. If imports are still less important, it is on account of the restrictive methods of the Government.

The only way in which it would be possible for Italy —and the same remark applies to some other countries— to increase her export trade to Russia would be by creating a centralized organization for financing and assisting exports to Russia, so as to place Italian firms dealing with Russia on something like the same footing as the Russian Government trade monopoly. No single business man or firm is capable of negotiating satisfactorily with an organization like the Russian Government, whose peculiar methods place it in a position of exceptional advantage in every individual transaction, although, of course, in the long run those very methods end by reacting against Russia herself, as is proved by the comparatively trifling proportions of Russia's whole foreign trade. An organization of this kind was created in 1921, the C.I.C.E. (Consorzio italiano commercio estero), with offices in Riga; branches were subsequently opened in Moscow, Odessa, Kharkov, and Tiflis. At first the business transacted through the C.I.C.E. was small, but by 1924 it began to assume greater importance, and enabled Italian exporters to increase their sales to

Russia. As we have seen, Italian exports increased from 1,037,000 roubles' worth in 1923–24 to 23,196,000 in 1925–26. The existence and activities of such an organization were enough to alarm the Soviet authorities, and they at once began to place obstacles in its way. The pretext alleged was that the C.I.C.E. charged higher prices than the individual producers. This may have been true; but by acting through a central organization the producers enjoyed other advantages, and the real reason for the Russian Government's hostility to the C.I.C.E. was that it saw in it a possible rival to its own foreign trade monopoly, a danger to its privileged position in dealing with foreign traders, and a danger, as it thought, of an increase in foreign imports. Although Russia is in desperate need of foreign imports, which in the long run would help her exports, the Soviet Government is so blinded by its ignorance of ordinary economic laws that it only sees a danger in increased foreign imports. It has made the operations of the C.I.C.E. practically impossible, and Russo-Italian trade continues to decline. Nor is there any likelihood of an improvement until the Russian Government changes its methods.

As an instance of the difficulties placed in the way of foreign trade the following is typical. The Soviet Government expressed a desire to purchase a certain number of merchant steamers abroad, and was apparently anxious to place some of these orders in Italy. But it insisted on deferred payment for six years, the first instalments to be paid only ten months after the delivery of the ships. The Italian shipbuilders were prepared at all events to consider this proposal, but they asked for a guarantee in the shape of a mortgage to be placed on the ships delivered until payment had been effected. To this the Soviet Government refused to agree, on the alleged pretext that such a clause was contrary to the Soviet Constitution.

Yet while it places every obstacle in the way of foreign trade and refuses the most reasonable guarantees, which are all the more necessary for a Government with such a record as that of the Soviets, the latter is constantly demanding industrial credits and loans from all foreign countries. The negotiations with Germany have followed a course not very different from those with Italy. German manufacturers and exporters were

complaining that their activities in Russia were handicapped in every way, while Russian undertakings in Germany enjoyed the fullest freedom. The Russian interpretation of the Russo-German commercial treaty has caused such profound dissatisfaction in German business circles that negotiations were begun last spring to re-examine the whole position, although there is no intention on Germany's part, at all events for the present, of denouncing the treaty. German exports to Russia, like those from Italy, have been constantly diminishing, in spite of the large credits accorded by Germany to Russia. Yet Russia is ever asking for fresh advances. Last winter she applied for a new credit of 600,000,000 marks to be reimbursed in five to ten years, but the German Government rejected the request. Germans, too, concluded that the only satisfactory method of dealing with Russia was through a banking organization *ad hoc* to centralize all German business with that country, always in view, as in the case of Italy, of setting up a body capable of negotiating with the Russian Government foreign trade monopoly on a footing of equality. But Russia raised objections to this idea, while she attempted, without success, to get the Soviet loans admitted to the Berlin Bourse.

All these facts point to one conclusion : for any single firm to deal with Russia is to run a very serious risk, for which no adequate guarantees are forthcoming. Each country would be in a better position to deal with Russia if all its transactions were carried out and financed through a single organization. It may be that the organizations of this kind which have been created were not the most perfect, and that some of them proved unequal to the task. But the principle is unquestionably sound. To go a step farther, the best method would be for the centralized organizations created for dealing with Russia in the various countries to come to an agreement among themselves to pool their activities, and form a sort of international clearing-house for Russian trade. This is necessary, inasmuch as all the countries of the civilized world have one method of doing business, and Russia has another radically different one. The Governments themselves would find it to their advantage to conclude a further agreement laying down identical conditions for any loan which might eventually be made to Russia. Russia in the larger negotiations for foreign

loans, as in the smaller deals concerning industrial credits and purchases from individual producers, is constantly playing off one country or one firm against another, and sometimes resorts to quite childish "terminological inexactitudes," so as to induce A to believe that B or C were offering her better terms. Thus, to quote a single instance, when negotiating for the purchase of Italian ships, the Russians informed the Italian shipbuilders and the Government that the German shipyards had offered ships on very favourable terms, including deferred payment for six years; it did not prove difficult to ascertain that the period of deferred payment offered by the Germans was only forty-two months and that the other conditions were also less favourable than was made out. The Soviet authorities at times appear quite touchingly ingenuous in their belief that the co-called bourgeois countries will advance unlimited sums to Russia without demanding any guarantees, either that these sums be covered by reasonable security, or that they will not be employed to strengthen the revolutionary activities of the Komintern abroad. A foreign diplomat stated this very bluntly to one of the leading Soviet officials, who calmly denied that the Komintern carried on any revolutionary activities in foreign countries at all!

Whatever causes of disagreement there may be between the various countries of Europe and America on other matters, there appears to be every reason for a common policy towards Russia, at all events in the economic and financial field. An increase in the trade between Russia and the rest of the world would no doubt be advantageous to all concerned, especially to the people of Russia; but that increase can only be brought about by a common policy. It is possible that Russia can secure an important foreign loan (as distinguished from industrial credits), of which she is in desperate need, only on such conditions as may involve a radical change in the Soviet system of government—the abolition of the Government monopoly of foreign trade, which is one of the main buttresses of that regime, might be one of them—but that is for the Russian Government itself to decide. But unless the very stringent conditions which the eventual lenders may find it necessary to demand are complied with, foreign financial assistance is not at all likely to be forthcoming.

Implications of Darwinism *

By Sir Arthur Keith, M.D., F.R.S.

MAN differs from all apes and from every kind of living being by his desire to understand and explain the nature of things. He seeks to explain the heaven above, the earth beneath, and every kind of thing which waxes and wanes, whether it be dead or alive. Above all, he desires to explain himself, to know how he has come into being, and why his limited lease of life is so sharply circumscribed by the events of birth and death, and how sin, sorrow, and disease came into the world. Never has he been so restless and so inquisitive in his desire to probe into these matters as in the last seventy years. His search in this period has not been an idle quest, merely to satisfy an uneasy curiosity, but has been prosecuted primarily from motives of utility. He has marshalled in dissecting rooms, laboratories, and sick wards the whole artillery of modern inquiry, and directed it upon his own body with the view of so understanding its structure and its workings that he must, in the course of time, discover the means of conquering its disorders and diseases. Hundreds of years of study and of speculation lie behind him; thousands of years of inquiry still lie in front of him; nevertheless, he makes, and will continue to make, marvellous progress in knowledge. In the course of their more recent inquiries medical men have formed a very definite conception of the living organization of man's body. The object I have in view in this article is to apply this newer conception to the interpretation and explanation of that combination of mental qualities known familiarly as "human nature."

* The substance of this article was given as a lecture to the University of Manchester on May 9, 1928. Abbreviated, and in some cases, misleading reports were published at the time and gave rise to a considerable discussion in the Press. I am glad of an opportunity of publishing the lecture in its entirety, so that readers may have before them the evidence on which my statements were based.

The Nature of Mind

Medical men have paid particular attention to the human brain; they find its structure intricate beyond belief, and its mode of working involved and hard to discover. Nevertheless, the broad fact stands out beyond question that its complexity of structure and powers of action go hand in hand. Mind has a material basis. From birth to adolescence the brain is seen to grow in size and in complexity, and with each increase comes an extension of its capacity or powers of action. Arrest may overtake the brain at any stage of its growth, and according to the point at which it halts is the resultant degree of mental deficiency. We see disease destroy this part of the brain or that, and according to the part ruined is the functional failure which follows. Encephalitis will attack the brain of a school child and produce a profound and permanent change in character—a change never for the better, but always for the worse. Sanity is possible only when the brain is normal in structure and healthy in its action. We can drug the brain so as to exalt the powers of certain parts and depress those of others, and thus alter the mentality and behaviour of any man or woman. We can, at will, obliterate consciousness or exalt it. In short, the brain is a piece of living machinery; it consumes fuel and transmutes energy into feeling, thought and memory. If we withhold the supply of oxygen or fuel, the sources of its energy, the brain ceases to act just as certainly as a fire ceases to burn when its supply of air or fuel is shut off. Medical men can find no grounds for believing that the brain is a dual organ—a compound of substance and of spirit. Every fact known to them compels the inference that mind, spirit, soul are the manifestations of a living brain just as flame is the manifest spirit of a burning candle. At the moment of extinction both flame and spirit cease to have a separate existence. However much this mode of explaining man's mentality may run counter to long and deeply cherished beliefs, medical men cannot think otherwise if they are to believe the evidence of their senses. It is only when they accept a physiological interpretation of man's mentality that they can diagnose and understand the nature of man's mental ailments and

take effective steps for the prevention and for the relief of the disasters which so often overtake modern humanity.

The Pre-history of the Human Brain

In the course of their prolonged inquiries medical men have come into the possession of many facts which throw light on the history of man's brain. This evidence is all against the idea that it came into being, with every part complete, at one single creational step. An organ with such a range in size, complexity and functional power must be one which has been, and still is, in the throes of evolutionary change It is true we cannot yet explain, with any degree of precision, its variations in mass in terms of capacity; that is because of our present ignorance. Yet the facts of comparative anatomy are clear; in the order of animals, of which man is a member, increase of brain is accompanied by an enlarged range of mental reaction. Then there are the historical facts of embryology; the infinite myriads of living cells which make up the adult brain of man are the progeny of a simple single cell. Every human brain arises thus within the womb; embryologists have followed every stage in the transmutation of a microscopic mass of protoplasm, fashioned as the lowest forms of life are fashioned, into the completed child with its elaborately organized nervous system. It is a miracle which happens millions of times every year. Then there is also another source of historical evidence bearing on the brain—the fossil remains of various kinds of men which have long since ceased to exist on the earth. In numerous cases we have been able to take impressions of the interior of their skulls and thus reproduce and examine the convolutionary patterns of the brains which guided these remote ancestral types through the perplexities of life. The farther back we go in time, the more imperfect do we find the human brain to be—the nearer to that of the anthropoid ape. The human brain, we thus see, has had a prolonged exodus. Could we summon back to the world of today all the extinct kinds of man and ape which have flourished and passed away during the three last great geological ages, and marshal them in serried

ranks according to the respective periods at which they lived, we should have under our eyes an unbroken series of forms linking the brain of the lowest ape to that of the highest man. Nowhere should we find any interruption, break or sudden jump. Nowhere should we be able to draw a sharp line and say, here the brain of ape ceases and there the brain of man begins. All the evidence we have gathered so far urges us to believe that man's brain appeared by a process of continued evolution —a process not a whit more marvellous than that which produces a brain in every developing child. The brain, which began in the humble service of an ape, became, in the fulness of time, the master organ of man's body. We do not yet understand how this miracle was wrought, but we can explain the things we have seen and found in no other way than by accepting evolution as a truth. When we do accept this historical explanation of man's brain, we can no longer look upon "human nature" with the eyes of our grandfathers. How, then, does the Darwinist interpret human nature?

The Foundations of Human Nature

Writers of fiction and authors of Utopias often forget that man is an animal subject to the imperative demands of hunger and of thirst. The author of Genesis did not make this omission; he realized that an explanation had to be given of why man is compelled to labour. He explained labour as a curse—one imposed on mankind for Adam's lapse in a moment of weakness. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground" is not, to our newer way of thinking, a capricious sentence, but a blessing of the utmost value which has come to man by way of natural inheritance. It is a birthright from the ape. Every living thing is compelled to earn a livelihood or die. Far from being a curse the fulfilment of this essential condition of life brings to organized beings their highest enjoyment. In the case of man it is not eating which gives the maximum of pleasure, but the labour and excitement which the chase entails. How deeply rooted are the food-searching impulses implanted in human nature and how much man enjoys their exercise may be noted from the

fortunes paid by the wealthy for the privilege of labouring as fishers and hunters. We see manifest herein man's primitive lust for blood. Every sane son of civilization condemns wanton cruelty, but the real dangers which beset the future of civilization are not excesses in cruelty but excesses in sentimentality—the sentimentality which denies man's right to take life in any form. We could become too refined for life in a mortal world. Civilization can warp human nature.

The Impulse of Hunger

Philosophers have dreamt of a golden age when man had but to open his mouth and the fruits of the earth fell into it. Believe me, there never was such an age. Read the accounts given by men who have lived among native peoples such as the Norwegian naturalist, Knut Dahl. This is what he noted and set down concerning the daily routine in the life of a tribe in North Australia :

> During the greater part of the year the tribes were split up into families, which moved and flitted in accordance with the seasonal flourishing of the flora and fauna upon which they depended for a living. They needed plenty of room, for any particular spot could yield them sufficient food only for a short time. . . . As soon as they feel hungry they begin the day's work of procuring food. If the hunting-ground is good, and a stay has been decided on, their few belongings are left in the camp and the people distribute themselves through the bush looking for food. Men walk by themselves; small children and girls follow the women; the elder boys follow the men.

And if the skies become brazen and the rains fail—what then ? Certainly not a golden age, but one of unremitting labour, with the fear of starvation always hovering near. If we consult the accounts given by travellers of the kind of life led by gorillas and chimpanzees in the forests of equatorial Africa, we find a picture not unlike that given to us by Mr. Dahl from North Australia. After the sun has warmed the morning air an old male gorilla, the leader of a local band, begins to bestir himself and rises from the "shake-down" of branches which has served him as bed. The female members of his band and the children, which have spent the night in the branches of trees in the vicinity of the old gentleman's bed—a massive fellow weighing 25 or 30 stone, and of great physical strength—come down to join him, and the band

sets out on its round of toil. It proceeds leisurely but watchfully, the elders examining every thicket of bamboo for food, culling such young shoots and buds as appeal to their appetites. They are careless of the mischief wrought in their search for food; they break ruthlessly and tread underfoot what they do not need. And so the band wanders on, feeding as it goes until nightfall, when a new "camp" is chosen, one only a few miles distant from that of the night before. The gorilla is a gross feeder; he prefers quantity to quality, whereas his smaller cousin —the chimpanzee—is more delicate in his choice, and thus has to search harder and use his ingenuity more freely to come by what he most desires. The lot which falls to the African anthropoids is a round of toil, wet day and fine. Their chief pleasures of life centre round their search for food. The same lot falls to every tribe of native peoples; their greater brains enhance enormously, not only their powers of obtaining a supply, but also the enjoyment which the exercise of these powers confers upon them. It may seem that the instances I have cited from the African jungle and the Australian bush are far removed from our mode of life, and yet the evidence is complete that every one of us comes of ancestors who only a few thousand years ago wrung a living from moor and fen, just as those Australian natives continue to do. We have inherited the mental outfit of hunters and of fishers; their instincts are still ours.

It is a common mistake to regard the human brain as devoted solely to the offices of intelligence and reason. Much of it has nought to do with these faculties, but is concerned with subjective feelings, the reception of sensory impressions and the registering of sensory memories. It is these great sensory additions to man's brain which have made conscious life worth living. In man's case the old animal instincts, manifested in the search for food, have become buried—buried in a mass of embroideries which the enhanced cerebral endowments of the human brain have stitched round them.

Leisure as a Factor in Mental Evolution

I have spoken as if every individual ape and man were compelled by instinct to search for a living. This

is not strictly true; even among apes there is a leisured class—the very young. They depend for a subsistence on another inherited impulse—the inborn desires which compel the mother ape to suckle and protect her young. The young gorilla learns to climb at seven months of age and, in his second year, has to seek for his own livelihood. Man has inherited these maternal instincts; among the Australian natives it has become much more enduring than in the ape-world; their children are a capital charge on the maternal instinct and paternal care until they reach six or eight years of age. In the human brain these inherited modes of action have become broadened in their manifestations; and, as they rise to the level of consciousness, give increased pleasures and pains—the price man pays for his bigger brain. The exercise of these primitive instincts in the human "breast" excites some of its most poignant moments of feeling.

Civilization has not suppressed these inherited modes of feeling and acting towards the young. The opposite has happened; such instincts, originally confined to the suckling mother, have spread in civilized communities, until every member of a family—father, brother, and sister—inherit qualities of mind which were originally the monopoly of the nursing mother. With the growth of the human brain these primitive impulses came more and more within the jurisdiction of conscious reason. Therein lies one of the dangers of civilization, for reason may come under the instigation of selfish motives; a human mother may voluntarily suppress an instinct over which an ape has no control; Nature has bound the ape to instinctive obedience, but man she has left with a limited power of choice. We do not hesitate to designate men and women who neglect or ill-treat their children as inhuman, thereby recognizing that these instincts are a necessary part of man's mental constitution.

Let us look for a moment at the dominion which such instincts, inherited from a simian ancestry, have obtained over the emotions, feelings, and ideals of the highly-civilized brain. We ourselves have enacted that parental care shall endure until our children have reached the age of fourteen; if we can afford it, we give our instinctive impulses a longer lease of life and fend for our children

until they have become grown men and women. How far this extension has been brought about by an exercise of reason and how far by that driving power which we call "class pride," I will not attempt to decide, but the latter feeling is certainly not a negligible factor. Nay, under our capitalistic system it has become quite a common thing for a man to accumulate a sufficiency of wealth to provide not only for himself but also for his descendants of many succeeding generations, thus rendering it optional for his children to exercise or not their instincts for toil. I believe most sincerely that a father can do a son no greater injury than that of depriving him of the exercise of the best of his inborn instincts; and yet, I admit, it is an injury that few of us, if it threatened us in our youth, would struggle to avoid. Capitalism provides our inherited instincts with their best opportunities and also with their worst. Under our system of accumulated wealth civilized life was rendered possible, because, as human communities became larger and denser, those inborn feelings which we call sympathy or fellow-feeling became ever more urgent in their manifestation. The older selfish Adam gave place more and more to his newer, higher, and more altruistic children. Warm feelings will always master cool reason. There can be no greater mistake than to think that man evolves towards the realms of pure rationality.

Repression the Normal Means of Human Progress

I am still discussing the influence in modern life of the instincts we have inherited from food-gathering ancestors. Suppose, for a moment, that our places in civilization were suddenly taken by beings with the bodies of men but with the brains of anthropoids, and that our unlimited supplies of meat and drink were freely at their disposal. They would allow their appetites the fullest licence until satiation gave place to nausea, and in a brief space of time would have killed themselves by indulgence unless supplies came to a speedy end and they were driven back to the verge of starvation—the state for which their appetites are fitted. We have many records of the saturnalia which ensue when native peoples are plunged into the midst of plenty; their primitive appetites enslave

their reason. Our higher civilization exposes millions of us to the grave temptations of wild living; but, as the exposure has come about gradually and has been spread over many generations, there has been time for the evolution of large classes which have their natural appetites under conscious control. Most of us discover, sooner or later, that if pleasure is to continue, moderation must be practised. Let not those who have gained this victory pride themselves overmuch on their own efforts; had not their brains undergone that evolutionary expansion which has placed lower centres under the control of higher, their state would have been no better than that of our anthropoid ancestors. I will not stay now to debate whether or not repression of natural instincts conduces to health of mind or body; the fact is patent to every one —we cannot have civilization without repression. The act of self-repression, far from being an evil, is the major part of human education.

Problems of Sex

The ancient philosophers of the East had to explain not only why man had to labour, but also how it had come about that there were two quite distinct kinds of human beings—men and women. Every one knows the explanation that was current in early Biblical times. Woman was explained as an afterthought. Modern biologists give quite a different explanation of this problem; sexual division, they hold, is almost as ancient as life itself; it is a fundamental fact in the constitution of the higher primates, and man inherited their constitution with all its accessory conditions. We explain sex on evolutionary grounds; it is a biological, not a human problem. There is, however, one matter connected with sex which deserves a passing notice because it has occupied the thoughts of men since very remote times. Why should the sentence have been passed on woman: "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children"? All of us know the explanation which is accepted by Eastern peoples. Has the modern anthropologist any better reason to give? Quite recently certain material facts have come into our possession bearing on this problem. Anthropoid

apes know nothing of the pains of childbirth. Although the adult male gorilla may weigh as much as three lusty men, it is at birth only half the weight of a new-born child. Apparently human evolution was attended by a great increase in the size of the young at birth—particularly in the size of the head. With the adaptation of the pelvis to our mode of walking, the birth passages had to undergo a restriction. The explanation which the evolutionist thus gives of birth-pains is mainly anatomical in its nature, but not wholly. There are other and more hidden factors. Why should our cultured women suffer infinitely more than their primitive sisters? The explanation is psychological rather than anatomical. The powers of feeling of the human brain surpass infinitely those of anthropoid apes; the more cultured the human brain, the wider is the field of consciousness into which the pangs of the body rise and the more acute are the reactions produced. A woman in the throes of childbirth is paying part of the price of man's evolutionary advancement. Nature has seen to it, for her own ends, that the tortures of childbirth fall lightly on a mother's memory. In this and in many other ways we see how marvellously the nervous system of women has been modified to soften the blows of Nature and even so to react as to cast a glamour over the duties of reproduction.

The Dominance and Repression of Sex Instincts

We have considered the instincts implanted in the human brain to compel man to search for food; the life of the individual is thus safeguarded. Even more marvellous and urgent are the instinctive reactions which have been implanted for the continuation of the race. In most animals these instincts are subdued or latent during certain periods of the year, wakening into activity only at fixed seasons. We know that the timing machinery, which wakens the reflex centres of sex into activity, is resident in the glands of generation. If these are removed, then the sexual instincts remain in abeyance altogether. If they are left in the body and pass into a process of ripening, then the instincts and impulses of sex take complete control of the animal's

brain; an animal in heat is dominated by uncontrollable desires; it is seized by a monomania. How far anthropoid apes are subject to this seasonal madness when living in their native jungles we do not know, but it is certain that when kept in captivity they become as men—seasonless—at least, so far as males are concerned. Man has inherited in all their strength the sex instincts of his jungle ancestry; but as his brain expanded and the light of consciousness burned ever more brightly, the higher centres began to take the lower under their control. Sex ceased to be seasonal in evolving man, but it never was quiescent at any stage of his progress. In no system of the animal body has Nature been so prodigal of her ingenuity as that by which she secures the continuation of a race. We see how she has lavished her artistry in the feathers of the peacock's tail; but this is as nothing compared to the ingenuity she has displayed in rendering man's nervous system subservient to her main objective. Round the sexual instincts implanted in the human brain she has elaborated the powerful instruments of passion and emotion; sex impulses seem to rise into the atmosphere of human consciousness free from earthly dross and made rarely beautiful. Man's humble instincts are lodged in the older parts of his brain, but they have free access to all the newer and more spacious rooms of his cerebral palace. They can set the most wonderful trains in motion within the chambers of its imagination and can bring under easy subjection the seats of reason and resolution. In no brain have the sex instincts such a powerful staff at their command as that lodged in the human brain.

Although there has been no golden age in man's long history, yet in the lifetime of every man and woman there comes one golden spell at least, sometimes more. So cunningly has Nature done her work that the subjects of her spell reject with scorn the explanation which medical men have to offer of their delicious delirium. In an ennobled way lovers are just as much under the domination of their primal instincts as were our remote ancestors. They are rendered for a time impervious to reason. Thus and thus only can the future of a race be assured.

A Vital Problem has to be Solved

Our train of reasoning has brought us to grips with the most urgent and fateful of problems which concern the future of higher humanity. We have on the one hand the Scylla of total control, of total abstinence, of complete repression of sexual impulses; and we have on the other hand the Charybdis of unregulated licence. To become abstinent angels leads to speedy extinction; to give licence means a return to the state of beasts. There is no other way than the road civilization has already chosen—one which conducts us between the two extremes. Of all the mental and moral struggles men and women have to face, that with their inherited sexual impulses is the hardest. Psycho-analysts have much to say of the deep scars which this struggle leaves in human nature, but against such scars we must set the unmeasurable evils of unlicensed indulgence. We must have civilization; but we cannot have it unless the higher centres are placed in control. And yet the race which is to survive must retain its primal instincts unimpaired; the dictates of reason are insufficient to guarantee Nature's chief objective—the continuation of the race. This part of the beast has to be kept alive in us. The day man becomes a perfectly rational being marks his end.

Other Inherited Impulses

I have been seeking to demonstrate that although, in the course of evolution, man's brain has become three times the size of that of the largest anthropoid, and has augmented its functional capacity to a ten-fold extent or more, yet its springs of action, the compelling appetites, instincts or temperamental moods are just those which served the needs of our anthropoid ancestry. To illustrate my thesis I have cited only two of the inherited mechanisms which lie at the very foundations of man's mental constitutions—that which compels a man to find food and that which compels him to find a mate; but if space had permitted, I might have called attention to many other pertinent instances. Love of life, fear of bodily injury and of death are deeply implanted in human nature, yet under certain circumstances we do subdue

them. Self-sacrifice is not a human prerogative; many animals, including the gorilla, can claim it. Read accounts by recent travellers of native hunters, armed with matchlock guns, lying in ambush, watching the movements of an old male gorilla as he covers the retreat of his band. The old male scents danger and, coming in search of it, is wounded. His instinctive reaction is not to flee but to mobilize his passionate strength and to set forwards to secure the destruction of his enemies. They (the hunters) in turn mobilize their resolution and ingenuity and save their own lives. Another shot lays the leader of the anthropoid band dead at their feet. Such an encounter gives us an opportunity of measuring the extent of the sacrifice made by the gorilla against that which the native hunters were willing to make. The same compelling desire moved both of them—the instinct of self-protection—but in the case of the hunters there was this difference. The gorilla's brain, limited in size and very restricted in capacity and outlook, could not measure the risks and dangers to which he was exposing himself; he fought blindly. The hunters trembled with excitement; their powers of anticipation and recollection filled their imagination with the imminence of danger and their minds with black fear. Man's sufferings are mental; and in poignancy are far beyond those known to any animal; evolution, if it has brought man unprecedented pains, has also rewarded him with moments of tense pleasure, such as were never experienced by living things before. Man's great brain gave him powers of feeling as well as of understanding.

I might have cited the maternal instinct, not only as manifested by a mother's desire to suckle, to feed, and to protect her young, but also when it appears in its most tragic form, compelling her, if need be, to sacrifice her life to save that of her infant. We cannot claim such behaviour as the prerogative of humanity; it is a moving force in the lives of all warm-blooded animals. But man differs from all of them in this respect: in him this instinctive mechanism has come under the sway of the more recently evolved centres of the brain. The beast reacts with its eyes shut; man reacts with the eye of reason open. A woman may bring her higher centres

to bear on her inherited instincts, and therein lies another of the dangers which beset the future of civilized races.

I might also have cited, if time had permitted, as an example of man's anthropoid inheritance, that inborn impulse which impels boys and girls, men and women to compete against each other—wherever competition is possible. In its manifestations the spirit of competition takes a myriad of forms—in examinations, in sport, in crossword puzzles, in racing, wealth, dress, and worldly position. Competition is not confined to human rivalries and struggles; it pervades the whole kingdom of life; it is the basis of Darwin's doctrine of evolution; it has been, and ever will be, the means of progressive evolution. Man's competitive instinct differs from that of all other animals in this respect. His rivalries, ambitions, jealousies, and his desire to excel have risen into the field of conscious recognition, and can be controlled, modified, repressed, or even extirpated under the influence of his reason and will. To extinguish the spirit of competition is to seek for racial suicide.

Some of the Implications of Evolution

In this article I have attempted to set out, in baldest outline, the conclusions which followers of Darwin have formulated concerning man's mental nature. Evolution is true; the actions of the human brain depend on deeply-seated impulses inherited from a purely animal ancestry; but in the human brain these ancient impulses find at their disposal an instrument which surpasses that of the anthropoid, as much as a cathedral organ does the shepherd's reed. These basal instincts find that they are no longer unregulated and free; a mechanism has appeared in the human brain for their control. Clearly such a doctrine has a very direct bearing on the art and science of education. A child is born with all of the old animal reflexes, instincts, and impulses in command of its brain; every year it should bring, by instruction, example, or compulsion, these old and necessary impulses more and more under the control of its higher centres. Education consists in bringing our inherited machinery of emotions, feelings, passions,

impulses, and wild desires under the control of reason; England has instinctively discerned what education really is: it is self-discipline; the formation of character in making man's higher centres masters of his cerebral establishments. It is only by such a proceeding that we can become intelligent units of social communities. Our aim should not be to eradicate the animal propensities within us, but to bend them so as to serve best the interests of both individual and of country. I would not, for example, break the spirit of competition; that spirit has lifted us from savagedom, and our hopes of the future are bound in it.

The Impossibility of a Universal Utopia

Our conception of man's mental nature has a very direct bearing on the possibility of making the whole world a human Utopia. There is not a shadow of doubt that human nature could be changed. Wild instincts have been bred out of dog, sheep, ox, horse, and many other beasts and birds; we have been less successful with pigs and cats. But in all those instances we have substituted man's protection and guidance for the machinery of self-protection and self-preservation which we have selfishly taken away. Who is to play the part of protector and legislator for mankind when it has become thoroughly domesticated? When it has eradicated all its wild inheritance—its love of struggle, its passion for freedom and for success, its desire for wealth, its loves and its passions, its fears, its anxieties, its courage, its patriotism, and made human beings content to be mere vegetables in a huge garden of evergreen complacency. When we have rid man of all these "vices," we shall have, indeed, domesticated him, and at the same time deprived him of the powers which impel him onwards. Human life under such circumstances becomes a tame, unmanly, and uninspired existence. Man lives only when he lives dangerously. Rather than submit to such a fate most of us will desire to take our courage and our future in our own hands and play the great game of life after the manner which Nature has always practised.

The Permanent Elements in Polish Foreign Policy

By T. Filipowicz
(*Polish Minister in Brussels*)

A PURELY psychological factor, which may be defined as "the will to have one's own State," may influence international politics, and there are few better illustrations of this than the history of the Poles between the downfall of the old republic and the end of the war.

The three Powers which annexed Poland at the end of the eighteenth century were resolved to hold firmly what they had taken, and one of the treaties concerning the partition of the spoils contained a special clause binding the signatories never to allow the name of "Poland" to appear on the political scene. Such was the decision of the three monarchies.

Poland, her annexation accomplished, in the opinion of international diplomacy, represented only an historical memory. But to all technical statements that their country no longer existed Poles obstinately replied, "But she will live." The large mass of Polish folk was reluctant to admit the language and institutions of their new masters. Poles who entered into the service of Russia or Austria availed themselves of every opportunity to change the verdict of destiny. Thus Prince Czartoryski, the personal friend and Foreign Minister of the Russian Tsar, Alexander I, succeeded in obtaining from him consent to preserve a small Polish autonomous territory called—after the Treaty of Vienna (1815)—the Kingdom of Poland. Polish emigrants in Europe and America never ceased to preach the resurrection of Poland, and some of them used every opportunity to organize in foreign countries armed Polish detachments, or to make insurrections against Russia, and sometimes against Germany or Austria. The leading circles of Polish emigrants regarded the democratization of Europe as a necessary step towards the liberation of Poland, and helped to introduce democratic and republican institutions in other countries. Such was the spirit of those who challenged the official decision of the three monarchs.

The Polish legions in the wars of the French Revolution and the Polish army in the great campaigns of Napoleon represented the outcome of such an attitude. The attempts of Napoleon to re-establish the Polish State, the brotherhood in arms with the French, and, last, but not least, the ideal of freedom for every nationality, united Polish hopes of resurrection with the cause of France. In the little Duchy of Warsaw (created in 1807 and in 1815 transformed into the short-lived Kingdom of Poland) the Poles saw only a starting-point for their complete emancipation. When, after the defeat of the insurrection of 1830, their hopes waned, Polish emigrants joined everywhere in the struggles against despotism.

In 1848 General Mieroslawski was one of the leaders of the German insurrection in Baden; another Polish general (Chrzanowski) commanded the Sardinian army in Northern Italy; the Hungarian army, fighting against Austria, was full of Polish volunteers; and a Polish poet, Mickiewicz, organized a legion against Russia and proclaimed war for the liberation of all peoples.

This method was not without effect, as not only did the Poles themselves identify their national cause with the victory of democracy, but throughout the nineteenth century the European democracies regarded the restitution of Poland as a necessary item of the triumph of liberty in Europe. The German historian, Treitschke, wrote of the events of the Polish insurrection of 1830: "According to the general opinion of those days, European civilization and liberty fought under the flag of the white eagle." In the days of revolt of 1848 in Berlin, the public, full of enthusiasm for the Polish State prisoners just liberated from Berlin prisons, brought them shoulder-high before the King's palace and made the King salute them; a strong current of German opinion asked the Government to declare war on Russia in order to re-establish Poland. During this wave of feeling another German historian, Karl Hagen, wrote the following words: "Free Poland will allow political freedom to be established in the countries where the people are in arms; she will be a new incentive to the peoples who are enslaved, and will make possible new

liberating movements even there where up till now they did not exist."

In the second half of the nineteenth century popular enthusiasm for the Polish cause died out and the general tone of German views on Polish affairs sounded a different note. But in France and other Western countries the idea of the interdependence of the democratization of Europe and the re-establishment of Poland remained an article of faith with a good many leading politicians. In 1863 a new Polish insurrection against Russia reminded Europe of the aspirations of the nation.

When the modern Socialist movement appeared, Socialists in Poland put as the first point of their programme the re-establishment of a united Polish republic. Interpreting this programme, Friedrich Engels, a friend of Karl Marx, wrote: "The chance of freedom in Russia will come only at the moment when the last Russian soldier leaves Warsaw," and the prominent leaders of the Socialist movement, old Karl Liebknecht, Jaurès, Hyndman, and Vandervelde supported the Polish Socialists' programme.

When, after the Russo-Japanese War, the political tension in Europe was increasing, Polish elements of the left—Socialists and democrats—started military organizations. When the war broke out, a detachment of infantry under Polish colours crossed from Krakow into Russian Poland to fight Russia (August 1, 1914). Their order of the day stated that they represented the framework of the Polish army, and that their aim was an independent Poland. The order bore the signature of Josef Pilsudski.

In the summer of 1914 rumour in the western Press spoke of the proclamation of the chief of the Russian armies, Grand Duke Nikolas V, promising the unification of all Polish land in an autonomous territory under the sceptre of the Russian Emperor. As is known today, this proclamation had been decided in Russian headquarters as a countermove to Pilsudski's undertaking. About the same time the Austrian Government permitted her Poles to establish a committee whose programme was the creation of a Polish State under the Austrian Emperor. So began the competition in promises between the two groups of Powers. Austria thought it undesirable

to let Pilsudski's military group remain as a quasi-independent, tiny Polish army, and she compelled him to agree to a compromise setting up Polish legions as a part of the Austrian army. Towards the autumn of 1915 Warsaw was taken by the Germans and a large part of Russian Poland was occupied, partly by Germans, partly by Austrians.

As the war went on it became more and more clear that the final result would depend on human reserves. Occupied Russian Poland contained thousands of men who, technically Russian subjects, could not, according to international law, be enlisted by Germany. In this contingency a tiny group of Poles launched the following scheme: That Germany and Austria should proclaim Poland as an independent State and the new Polish Government should raise an army of which the Polish legions would form the nucleus; the Poles would conclude an alliance with the Central Powers and enter into war against Russia.

There was a moment in August 1915, immediately after Warsaw was occupied, when the Polish question might have been solved in favour of Germany. Such is, among others, the opinion of an eminent student of Polish affairs, Professor Sarolea of Edinburgh University. If Germany, says he, exploiting the prestige of her momentary victory, had proclaimed the reunion of all Polish territories; if she had sacrificed her province of Posen and part of the old Polish Pomerania, and had made Austria return Galicia to the new Polish State, Germany might have had a Polish army on her side as early as 1916, and perhaps the final result of the war would have been different. But to carry through this plan would have meant to apply a policy even more liberal towards the Poles than that which England applied to the Transvaal. This was extremely difficult for Germany with all the burden of her anti-Polish policy. It would have meant sacrificing the mentality, traditions, and immediate interests of Prussian Junkers to the higher interests of the German State, and was it not the Junkers of the general staff who had to decide? So the plan was discussed in different German chancelleries and the propitious moment passed. It was

taken up again when Berlin thought it necessary to influence the opinion of the United States, where a declaration of Polish independence by Germany would, it was hoped, prove the best argument against the Entente's accusation of Prussia as the oppressor of small nations, and perhaps even forestall any chance of America declaring herself on the side of the Allies. To this political argument the war added another—the want of new regiments. It was the last motive which made General Ludendorff accept the plan.

Hence, on November 5, 1916, the Central Powers proclaimed the creation of the independent Kingdom of Poland out of the occupied territories. But there was a little correction of the original plan by Ludendorff. Instead of permitting Poland to institute her Government and leaving to this Government the work of organizing the army, it was the two persons most hated in Poland, German and Austrian military governors themselves, who called for volunteers to the Polish army. The result was that instead of the 500,000 volunteers expected, the total number of men fit for service was about 500. So the Poles got their independence, but the Germans did not get the Polish army.

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I ought to have said, "The Poles received their independence on paper." But the mere official proclamation of it by two of the partitioning Powers was an act of first-class importance. The Polish question, instead of remaining, as it had till now, an internal affair of each of her three oppressors, became international. President Wilson on January 23, 1917, said, continuing the policy initiated by Germany, that a united free Poland ought to be one of the results of the war. The Powers of the Entente, bound by a special agreement with Russia, for a time would not express their opinion. But a few months after the Russian Revolutionary Government also proclaimed the independence of Poland (March 31, 1917). The Russian Revolutionary Government not only announced the independence of Poland to be one of the aims of the war, but formally denounced all the treaties concluded between Russia, Germany, and Austria concerning the partitioning of Poland. I stress

this formal abolition of the partition treaties, as by it the Polish question was not only *de facto* reopened by the events of the war, but from the point of view of international law the whole legal structure of Eastern Europe was brought back to the *status quo* of 1771.

The great act of justice, by which the Russian Revolutionary Government wished to wipe out the greatest crime of the Russian despots, had an immediate effect in breaking the seal of silence imposed on Western Europe with regard to Polish affairs. Polish emigrants in the United States were permitted to organize recruiting for the Polish army which was to fight on the side of the Allies; further, Polish troops began to be organized in Italy, France and Russia. For a time there was a danger of an over-production of Polish detachments, each of them claiming to be the *real* Polish army. In such circumstances France (June 4, 1917) issued a decree concerning the organization of a regular Polish army, considered as the nucleus of the future national army. On September 7, 1917, England and France in secret conversations with Austria proposed to offer Poland in her frontiers of 1771 to the Austrian Emperor as a part of the price of a separate peace between Austria and the Allies, but the offer was declined. Finally President Wilson included "Poland with access to the sea" in his famous "fourteen points" (January 10, 1918), and his view was formally accepted by England, France and Italy (June 3, 1918).

So it happened that, although at the beginning of the war not a single Power thought of raising the Polish question, both groups of Powers finished by proclaiming the re-establishment of Poland as one of their war aims; and both groups in moments of stalemate in the military operations threw Poland into the scales of war in the hope that she would turn the balance.

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While these things were happening in the great capitals, one of the results of the German proclamation in Warsaw was to allow the Poles to complete their local organization. Although Pilsudski was put in Magdeburg prison and his legionaries in the German concentration camps, yet the German administration, while reserving

military matters for themselves, permitted the Poles to form the basis of a Polish civil administration. Municipal Governments, the Polish State Council, and the Regency Council were created. The Poles took everything, were grateful for nothing, and asked for more. Partisans of Pilsudski were spreading the network of their secret military organization. In the summer of 1918, defying the Germans, Polish political parties, and afterwards the Regency Council itself, proclaimed the incorporation in the future free Poland of Posen and Pomerania, which for one hundred and forty years had been German provinces. On November 11 the German garrison of Warsaw was disarmed by Polish detachments, and shortly after almost every town and village of Poland was in the hands of what the Germans called "Polish insurgents." General Pilsudski, liberated by the German revolution from Magdeburg prison, assumed dictatorial powers. The "Polish insurgents," organized on their native soil in the army and the nucleus of Polish administration created in Warsaw during the German occupation saved Poland from the anarchy resulting from the debacle of the Central Empires and the Russian Revolution.

Such in broad outline was the origin of the new Polish State.

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On November 16, 1918, the Polish Government sent to the Allied and neutral States, and to the Holy See, a circular letter notifying the existence of the independent Polish State. The Note contained the following lines: "Thanks to the changes accomplished by the brilliant victories of the Allied armies, the re-establishment of the independence, and of the sovereignty, of Poland becomes henceforward an accomplished fact." These lines show how the Poles, months before the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, judged the situation; they thanked the Allies for the preparation of favourable ground, but at the same time they considered their State as already existing. Also they do not speak of the formation of a new State; they only say that *the old Polish State* has been reinstated.

As the re-establishment of the old Poland meant the

frontiers of 1771, the first problem of foreign policy for the new State was to make the Peace Conference accept the Polish point of view. That meant accepting it with a correction in the addition of German Silesia to Poland, which was claimed on the ground that 70 per cent. of the population was Polish.

The French Government were in favour of the Polish claims, but the same could not be said of the other influential members of the Peace Conference.

The Conference repeated again and again that the pacification of Europe required all the new frontiers to be established as soon as possible. Events proved that about 1920 in Europe the expression "as soon as possible" meant exactly four years. It was only in March 1923 that the frontiers of Poland were finally established by the supreme authorities of the Entente. In some of the particular issues in question, I shall try to illustrate the circumstances which made the conflict last so long—because it has been a conflict—between the opinion of the Poles and the acts of the peacemakers.

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The problem of access to the sea presented the first difficulty. The question of the province of Posen or the incorporation of Pomerania in Poland did not raise any doubts; Pomerania had a large Polish majority, represented even on German maps, and had ever since the introduction of elections to the Reichstag sent only Polish M.P.s to Berlin. The problem was with the final outlet—with the city of Danzig. The Poles proposed to give Danzig autonomy, but to make it dependent on Poland. The Polish delegate in one of the Peace Commissions insisted that such had been the arrangement with Danzig for over three hundred years before the partition of Poland. "Germans," said he, "respect authority, and even their extreme elements when facing a definite situation will become loyal citizens of Poland. Poland will respect, with or without minority treaties, the German language in Danzig, just as she respected it always in the old days. The economic dependence of Danzig on Poland ought to find its expression in political dependence. Any other solution will only foster the spirit of German nationalism and make that city an

endless source of trouble both to Poland and the League of Nations." This point of view was accepted by the Commission of Experts. But the Polish solution of the Danzig problem was not adopted by the Peace Conference and Danzig has been made a free city under the guardianship of the League of Nations.

The frontier between Poland and Eastern Prussia, left to a local plebiscite, was definitely fixed only in 1920. But, what is more important, the project of a military commission to demilitarize Eastern Prussia was rejected by the Conference, this last decision being equivalent to preserving a German *place d'armes* in the middle of Polish northern territory, which constitutes a serious permanent drawback to the chances of disarmament in this part of Europe.

The peacemakers originally intended to hand over the whole province of Upper Silesia to Poland. But later this decision was changed, and, after a series of measures which led to orgies of nationalistic hate, Silesia was divided (October 12, 1921) between Poland and Germany.

But the most characteristic illustration of the methods of the Peace Conference with regard to Poland is the story of Poland's eastern frontier. While the Conference was in session, Polish troops occupied approximately a line a little to the east of the present Russo-Polish frontier. To the Polish argument that to fix an internationally recognized frontier at once would be to diminish the chances of conflict between the Bolsheviks and Poland, certain leaders of the Conference remarked that it was not at all sure that the Bolsheviks would remain in power. In the end the Versailles Treaty referred the final solution of the Russo-Polish frontier to a future decision of the Allies. On December 8, 1919, the Supreme Council imposed on Poland as the line of her eastern frontier the River Bug. As the Polish front at that time happened to be about 250 kilometres farther east, this decision meant that the Supreme Council made the Bolsheviks a nice little present. A future historian of Russia will find it interesting to investigate how far this particular decision of the Council influenced the Bolshevik Government, which

immediately afterwards decided upon a big offensive against Poland. The sequel is familiar history. The Bolsheviks were beaten in a decisive battle near Warsaw (August 15, 1920), and the Peace of Riga drew a new frontier between Poland and Russia (March 18, 1921). Two years later (March 15, 1923) the Ambassadors' Conference gave its sanction to the eastern frontier of Poland.

I add a few more details of Polish frontier policy. Letts and Lithuanians, who, a hundred and fifty years before, formed part of the Polish Republic, after the war insisted on having their separate States. Poland agreed, asking only that they should be limited to their ethnographical territories, which in the case of Lithuania meant that she would not obtain the district of Vilno. On the other hand, Poland was ready to cede Vilno to Lithuania if Lithuania would enter into federation. As Lithuania rejected all forms of compromise, the Diet of Vilno voted for its own incorporation with Poland. The decision was confirmed by the Ambassadors' Conference (March 15, 1923).

Another example of federalist tendencies is that of Polish aims in the war with Russia. The Poles thought of limiting Russia from the west to her ethnographical territory, bordered by a chain of buffer States from the Ukraine in the south, White Ruthenia in the east, and Carelia in the north. Pilsudski concluded an agreement with the leader of the Ukrainians, Petlura, by which the Poles were to help Petlura to occupy the Ukraine with its capital, Kiev, and to organize there a national Ukrainian Government and State. The vicissitudes of the war returned Kiev to the Bolsheviks, and the Poles, although victorious, abandoned their federalist designs in favour of territorial claims more modest and more conservative in practice. The idea of buffer States, abandoned by Poland, was taken up by the Bolsheviks, who established on their western frontiers the autonomous Communist republics of the Ukraine and White Russia.

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To sum up; from the Peace Conference the Poles wished to obtain Poland in the limits of her frontiers of 1771. What they did receive represents less than two-thirds of the old Poland. The peace authorities, changing

one solution and postponing the others, created and made lawful a prolonged strife between Poland and her neighbours. Up to March 1923 the world was full of echoes of this strife, and it was inferred that it was Poland who was quarrelsome. As a matter of fact, Poland had only to pay the main cost of the ill-will towards her, which was masked by the indecision of the Peace Conference.

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I have shown how the Poles, after the annexation of their old State, set their will against the decision of the three autocrats who decided that the Polish State should be no more. I mentioned how, since the partition, the Poles had availed themselves of every opportunity to create an army strong enough to drive out the invaders, and how they united the problem of their resurrection with the general progress of democracy. I have shown how, during the Great War, in the midst of ruin and famine, the Poles succeeded in building the nucleus of their army, and in a decisive moment disarmed the German garrisons and launched their new State. Should not this grim determination, kept alive in generation after generation, this "will of a nation to have their own State," be regarded as a permanent element shaping the foreign policy of Poland?

I am guilty of a platitude in saying that all Polish foreign policy is guided by the principle of assuring security for our frontiers and friendly relations with all nations. From the seventeenth century to the close of her existence, the old Polish State knew only defensive wars. Since her re-establishment to the end of the war with Russia, Poland was always on the defensive. At the Conference in Paris, in order to preserve peace, she renounced the frontiers which for generations had been considered as her most sacred rights. The best proof of the pacific tendencies of Polish policy is the loyal resignation by Poland of her claim to the frontiers of 1771. Her present programme may be summed up as the strict maintenance of the frontiers as fixed by the treaties. Zaleski formulated this policy in the Polish Diet (July 21, 1926) in the following words: "We do not want an inch of anyone else's land, but in no case shall we cede an inch of our land."

ELEMENTS IN POLISH FOREIGN POLICY

It is only since 1923, i.e. only for five years, that Poland has been in a position which enables her to have a normal foreign policy. During that time she has concluded arbitration treaties with Germany, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and several other States; she is negotiating an arbitration treaty with the Soviet Union; the trade war with Germany is nearing its end; the principles of a future commercial treaty were established at the end of July 1927. Poland has treaties of friendship with Turkey and Persia, and is about to sign similar treaties with other eastern States. In such circumstances I am entitled to say that the desire for peace forms a permanent characteristic of Polish foreign policy.

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Sometimes one hears persons insisting on the precarious geographical situation of Poland and predicting a new coalition of Germany and Russia against her. I am not going to discuss whether such a coalition is possible or not. I will only remind you that such a coalition attacked Poland for the first time as far back as the early eleventh century, that afterwards it was arranged several times, and that each time Poland was able either to crush it or to counter-manœuvre. When at the end of the eighteenth century Poland succumbed to a coalition, it was a combination of three, not of two Powers, the third partner being the Austrian Empire. Today this Empire no longer exists, and it is extremely unlikely that the States of the Little Entente will turn against Poland. Here is the reason why the spectre of Russo-German coalition is for Poland, protected by her army, her alliances, and the League of Nations, no source of alarm, although it is, as it always has been, a subject of study. I regard the historical ability of Poland to counter-manœuvre the coalition of two of her neighbours as one of the permanent characteristics of her situation.

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One of the fundamentals of Polish foreign policy, the treaty with France, may be looked upon as an application of means which for the first time appeared in the Franco-Polish treaty concluded in the year 1500. In those old days, as well as now, the treaty had a purely

defensive character of guarantee against attack. If the Polish treaty with France may sometimes be considered as a return to the "system of the chessboard," which was characteristic of the sixteenth century, the real cause of it remains the same—it is the possibility of a flirtation between Germany and Moscow. It may be noticed that in international politics, as in physics, the same causes produce the same results. But there is also another point of view. The Franco-Polish Treaty of 1925 represents a partial application of corresponding paragraphs in the Locarno Pact, is permeated with its spirit, and repeats in some provisions its original wording. This last characteristic concerns also the treaty between Poland and Rumania (March 1926), by which both States are obliged to help each other if attacked.

One of the chief resources by the aid of which Poland can maintain her security is the Polish-French alliance: attempted several times in the past, half realized by Napoleon, and fully realized only in our own days. Its importance was theoretically realized in France during the temporary extinction of the Polish State. These characteristics constitute a pledge of its lasting stability.

It will be possible to find other durable features of Poland's policy. Her alliance with Rumania and her efforts to bring about a regional pact of security with the republics on the eastern shore of the Baltic suggest a new edition, "édition Maison de la Société des Nations," of her old efforts tending to create on the borders of Russia a solidarity of frontier nations interested in the defence of their civilization, based on Western principles of law and morality.

Let us take the other watchwords of Polish foreign policy. "Security from aggression"; "International action in conformity with the Covenant of the League of Nations"; are not these modern formulæ an echo of the old times? "Inviolability of the territorial *status quo*" represents from the fourteenth century onwards the policy of the Polish monarchs towards Germany. "Free access to the Baltic" is the watchword of analogous tendency fought for since the tenth century.

If these analogies are real, they show that as long as the same nations and the same territories exist, some elements of their foreign policy may be considered permanent.

Magna Est Veritas Et—?

By A. R. Wise

A PROMINENT part in the education of the ancient Persians was learning to speak the truth. It still forms a large proportion of the education of the young Englishman. Unfortunately, as he grows older, this valuable quality seems to decay under the blighting influence of modern life. Truth is, in fact, so rare in either business or politics that when one man has the courage to maintain the principles of his early education, he is regarded by the majority of his fellows as a species of lunatic, not necessarily even harmless. And yet there are few who in academic argument would deny that truthfulness is an extremely valuable asset to anyone in any walk of life. The director of a firm which advertises unrivalled opportunities in a sale, well knowing that it is disposing of cheap goods at more than their proper value, would be highly indignant if he were taxed with placing deceit above truth in his moral code. Politicians invariably address their audiences as equals and intelligent beings, while they know full well that many of them are either too stupid or too ignorant to be consulted on the affairs of the nation.

This untruthfulness is not always consciously dishonest. We seem to have a happy faculty of persuading ourselves that the lies we are uttering are actually true. This self-deception seems to be more a product of democratic systems of life than of any others. The statesman who has proclaimed that the will of the people is great and must prevail, very possibly, comes in time to believe even this monstrous untruth. In fact, we have an instance in recent history of a whole nation deluding itself in this way. During the war it was necessary for us to disrupt the German and Austrian Empires by propaganda, and it was then that the cry went up to heaven demanding the rights of small nations and of inefficient minorities. So effective was this propaganda that even the majority of our own nation persuaded itself that it was making the world safe for the Ruthenians, the Croats, and the Slovenes. This farce, as farces are prone to do, culminated in the tragedy of the Treaty of Peace.

The British Empire, which was built up by realists of the best type, is in danger of becoming the victim to idealistic self-deception. The only justification which

the present age is able to produce for holding our Dominions is that we hold them solely in the interests of the nations which we rule. Could there be a more harmful or a more ludicrous conception? If the good of Central African tribes were the sole reason for the maintenance of our African possessions, could any man honestly defend the expenditure of British lives and British money on such an object? In fact, we hold our Empire because, without our Empire, we should be nothing. This may be attacked as a view which is both selfish and cynical, but it is in truth not so. A calm realization of the objects of Imperial rule is not inconsistent with the determination to use that rule both wisely and kindly. Even the sternest realist recognizes the philosophical fact that rights carry with them obligations. This is as incontrovertible as the economic proposition of the law of supply and demand. Admitting, then, that we hold our Empire for the benefits which accrue therefrom to our own nation, it is obvious that we have the duty of administering it with justice and efficiency. The district officer who sacrifices his life in a famine or a plague does not do so in the interests of this or that Bantu tribe, but in the interests of Great Britain. In exactly the same way the shepherd cherishes his flock not in the interests of the sheep, but for the benefit of his employer. If the Indian Empire was of benefit merely to the races of India, the Government which permits the expenditure of the lives of Englishmen in that Empire should be called to account as murderers of their own kind. India, however, is held for two reasons—one positive and one negative. The possession of India is of benefit to the population of Great Britain, and secondly the presence of any other Power in India would be a definite menace to the welfare of the British Isles.

In the past we saw clearly the reason for our action, and we were not ashamed to proclaim it openly. The just execution of mutineers by Nicholson, Havelock, and Outram was not only approved by the bulk of their fellow-countrymen, but the only criticism directed against them was the charge of being unduly lenient. Their less honest successors condemned General Dyer for preserving the peace of India by one vigorous action. It was not that his judges did not, in fact, realize that his action was both merciful and necessary; it was that the bulk of this nation is too blinded by the reiteration of

humanitarian platitudes to see that it is better that a few should perish if the people may be saved. The critics of Dyer and the authors of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report were of the same kidney. These gentlemen, who endeavoured to lose India from the Empire, not because they thought it good for the Indians, but because of "the faith that was in them," are the culminating example of this pernicious flabbiness of thought.

Though political truth is very nearly dead in England, we may take a melancholy consolation from the knowledge that it is even more moribund elsewhere. The second greatest nation in the world has attained to a pitch of self-deception which is almost incredible even to this generation of Englishmen. In the United States the loftiest moral principles are combined without undue strain with a moral practice which is the lowest in the civilized, and probably even in the uncivilized, world. This nation honestly in its own belief condemned the excesses of the German troops in Belgium as unthinkable in a civilized nation, and the soldiers of the United States went into action with the melodramatic war-cry of "Remember the *Lusitania*." Yet the patriotic Middle-Westerner would repudiate indignantly the suggestion that the United States was not a civilized nation in the 1860's. None the less, the atrocities committed by the Northern generals during the period of the Civil War would make the efforts of the Germans in 1914 seem small outbursts of mild exasperation. The same nation quite honestly believed with President Wilson that for three years they were too proud to fight. Nor would it occur to them that their pride might be more justly translated as a combination of fear and love of gain. Again, when the same President Wilson came to Europe at the end of the war with his famous "fourteen points," not one voice was raised among his countrymen to denounce them as drivel. If there had been any among them who had indulged in a little honest reflection, the conclusion must to them have been evident. But so dense was the cloud of idealism in which they lived that they had all lost the habit of realistic thought.

A nation steeped in hypocrisy must of necessity be unfriendly to another which has only partially travelled down the path. This is the obvious explanation of the constant hostility of the United States towards Great

Britain practically from the time of that masterpiece of hypocrisy, their constitution, with its preamble, "Whereas all men are born equal . . ." This form of deception, when it can be made convincing, is a potent weapon to employ against those who cannot make it so. The recent proposals for the freedom of the seas and for compulsory world peace are a direct blow at the welfare of Great Britain. Only by adhering rigidly to the truth and facing the fact that man is not perfect can we parry this assault. More than at any time in our history it is necessary honestly to avow that the freedom of the seas is in itself an empty phrase, merely relative to the needs of the British Empire. Only by holding the seas as we have always held them can we ensure the freedom to pass on their lawful occasions for our traders, and surely their interests are paramount to the exclusion of those of any other nation. World peace also is an impossible dream. By paying lip-service to it we are establishing in Europe a repetition of the conditions prevailing under the Roman Empire, which left the civilized world disarmed and helpless in the face of barbarian invasion. Such an invasion today is far from impossible, and it is necessary that we should acknowledge the fact, and be ready to take shelter not behind the platitudes of the League of Nations Union, but behind the strength of our own countrymen.

At the risk of tiresome reiteration, emphasis must be laid on the fact that the safety of the British Empire depends solely on a return to the truthfulness of our forefathers. It is possibly too late to break the bulk of the present generation of the habit of hypocrisy; but it is not beyond the power of man to see that our sons are built in a more heroic mould than ourselves. The younger men who are entering upon the task of governance should be made to keep before their eyes Mr. Kipling's epitaph on a dead statesman:

> I could not dig: I dared not rob:
> Therefore I lied to please the mob.
> Now all my lies are proved untrue,
> And I must face the men I slew.
> What tale shall save me here among
> Mine angry and defrauded young?

There must be very few present-day politicians over whose graves this epitaph could not truthfully be placed.

America's Three P.'s

By "Patron"

"NICE people" in America possess all the admirable qualities of "nice people" in England or any other country; with the additional recommendation for us that our medium of intercourse with them is still sufficiently similar to be described as a common language.

We therefore welcome them heartily when they visit us, and entertain them in our sometimes clumsy fashion; and when acquaintance ripens, take them to our hearts in genuine and often lifelong friendship. When we visit them, they reciprocate with the utmost heartiness and, indeed, overwhelm us with such genuine and lavish hospitality as we can never hope to rival. This friendship often breeds closer ties, for we and they frequently intermarry with the happiest results.

It is sad that this touching picture of Anglo-Saxon amity is marred by the reflection that the "nice people" in America, as in other countries, are in an infinitesimal minority; and that the dominant class, the brute majority, the machine, as it can be most conveniently described, which governs the country, exhibits most often, as, indeed, with us, qualities which are the very reverse of "nice," but which the nice people are powerless to counteract. All the worst characteristics arising from their numbers and their wealth obtrude from this brute majority, and the pride of purse and arrogance of some of them are at least as irritating to cultured Americans as they are to us.

We make frenzied attempts through Pilgrims' dinners, English-speaking Unions, Hands-Across-the-Sea movements, and what not, to deceive ourselves into believing that all is well with Anglo-American friendship, when at the bottom of our hearts we know that in the political sense these superficial manifestations do not alter the fact that it is for all practical purposes non-existent and that the leaven of "nice people" is powerless to leaven the lump of the machine.

Worse still: with them as with us, when the "nice people" in a self-sacrificing and quixotic attempt to right things, engage in politics, they become a mere cog in the machine, that Frankenstein monster of democratic government which they, like ourselves, have created and which is gradually devouring us; so that, as once again we often see at home an individual who is in private life an honest, upright, law-abiding and conscientious citizen, when once he becomes part of the machine, is infected by its vices and may at any moment take on the characteristics of the liar, the hypocrite, the swindler, and not seldom of the highwayman.

These are phenomena which are a matter of common observation in any Western democracy; and if the American machine did not possess certain distinguishing characteristics, these remarks would have no point. The worst of it is that it does possess at least one other characteristic which is still more to its disadvantage. This relentless machine, composed of the people who never were "nice," together with a few "nice" people whose "niceness" has been submerged in the way described, does not only purport to dictate politics to the country; it also purports to dictate to it its own canons of social conduct. If this were a mere latter-day and perhaps passing fad, we could afford to laugh at it. Unfortunately, it is ingrained in the history of the country, which since the earliest Nonconformist settlements has been imbued —in the political sense—with a degraded sectarian form of Puritanism which has bred a narrow and parochial form of Provincialism; and an irrational and often ridiculous Pruriency of mind: those three P.'s which vitiate the body politic of the U.S.A.

To take the last first, here is a gem which recently appeared in an American newspaper published in Europe. It may possibly be a hoax; nevertheless, it is sufficiently close to the truth to serve as an apt, if laughable, illustration:

> As a subscriber to your paper for twenty years or more I would thank you to reply to the following:
>
> In order to decide a difference of opinion with my French friends who claim that we Americans are too much Puritans, I would kindly ask you to tell me if the expression "sleeping partner" is correct in the English language?

My object in asking you this is that a firm here in Paris sent an advertisement to an American paper in the U.S.A. for a "commanditaire" and translated that word by "sleeping partner." Now, the advertisement was refused as it was found immoral, the paper replying it did not take matrimonial advertisements.

Will you please give me an explanation as to what word should be used, if "sleeping partner" is not correct?

This illustrates the last of these vices in an attenuated form. In this connection we may ask ourselves why those Americans who compose the machine have imposed on the language the expressions "enlisted man" and "rooster," except because the ordinary words have an obscene secondary meaning. This outworn pruriency is reminiscent of the epoch when table legs were put into trousers. What would these people say if in France they were offered those table delicacies which still go familiarly and without *arrière-pensée* under far cruder names?

When these practices become widespread, they end by creating a class of official and officious experts in the minding of other people's business who are constantly harrying the harmless indulgences of the rest of the population and contribute not a little to drive them to excess out of mere bravado; and that is what is happening in the U.S.A. Here are two mild examples:

An American clergyman, who lived out of New York, but occasionally paid visits there, was accustomed to stay always at the same hotel—one of the leading hotels of the city. On one of these occasions he was delayed at home, and his wife and children came on to New York by an earlier train and went up to their usual apartment in the hotel. The husband came on later and went up to his wife's apartment. He had not been there more than a few minutes when a peremptory knock came on the door, and a member of the hotel management came in—I will not be sure that he was not accompanied by a police officer—to inquire by what right he had entered this lady's apartment!

Another American of exotic tastes, who had lived abroad a good deal, was giving an evening entertainment at his house in a well-known Eastern city. His guests noticed with surprise that he kept all the window blinds raised throughout the evening. One of them asked him why. "Oh!" he answered, "if I drew the blinds down, I

should have the police in within half an hour to inquire what was going on."

Such examples could be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

As for provincialism, this likewise is hereditary in the United States machine. Recently a writer sagely remarked that the American Revolution was attributable as much to the provincialism of the American colonists as to the bungling of George III and his Ministers. This is no paradox. Goodness knows, the bungling of the British was disastrous enough! What, however, seems to have been the fundamental idea of their policy was a world-wide Anglo-Saxon Empire with a common system of taxation. But John Bull goes about his most magnificent enterprises in dumb-show, as Kipling has told us in more forceful language; and there was no electric telegraph in those days. So, even if the idea were quite clear in his own mind, which may have been doubtful, he at all events did not succeed in driving it (with all respect to those great men who afterwards became the fathers of the Constitution) through the thick and narrow skulls of the colonists. It is a matter of history that just this kind of parochialism came nigh to disintegrating the Union as soon as the colonists had achieved their independence, and that it took all the most strenuous efforts of Hamilton, the master mind of the period, to counteract the "centrifugal" tendencies of the new States and keep the Union together.

Lastly, Puritanism was the parent of this pruriency and provincialism, and Puritanism of the narrowest and most sectarian type. The Pilgrim Fathers parade in history as the vindicators of religious tolerance. Yet who can doubt, when reading of the persecution of the Quakers and the Baptists in seventeenth-century New England, the torture and even sometimes the death penalty inflicted on them, that the Pilgrim Fathers set up a system of religious intolerance far worse than that from which they had fled? And what of their brethren who remained behind in the Old Country? Is no virtue to be attributed to them? Surely they, who not only stood their ground, but carried on the fight for religious liberty, which was ultimately fought to a victorious finish, are more admirable than those who fled from persecution

posing as champions of religious freedom—a claim which turned out to be rank hypocrisy, for as soon as they gained their freedom, they set up a system of religious persecution only surpassed in history by that of the Albigenses.

This is no mere picture of an outworn system of medieval intolerance. On the contrary, this same sectarian spirit dominates the governmental machine in many of the States, if not federally speaking, today; with the single difference, which in modern times counts as an aggravation, that the penalties imposed are moral and social instead of being physical. The wag who, when reminded that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, answered that it would perhaps have been better for America had the rock landed on the pilgrims, expressed ironically a perfectly tenable opinion. Almost throughout the United States we have recently seen the "liberties," as we sensibly call them (not the "liberty"), of the subject invaded and punished, as now we see *délits d'opinion* legislated against by the fundamentalists of Dayton, Tennessee, and elsewhere. In one or another State cigarette-smoking is forbidden by law; and now in all, moderate equally with excessive, drinking is hounded down and punished with greater or less efficacy. These rulers of modern America have become really scientific Paul Prys, all the more terrifying in that they have behind them the laws which the deadly perfection of their machine has foisted on the nation; and the moral and social tyranny which they impose is just as harmful to the ethical health of the country as was the more brutal persecution of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The attempt to regulate individual behaviour by "blue" legislation of this kind has been abandoned in Europe since Puritanism as a political force died out; and herein is the marked line of cleavage between Europe and the Western Hemisphere. Indeed, it has been said by thoughtful Americans themselves that prohibition as the culminating aggravation of this propensity has, ethically speaking, cleft the country in two as nothing since the Civil War has done.

Men of authority and experience have expressed the considered opinion that the entry of the United States

into the war, although vital at the time, might ultimately turn out to be a great calamity; and it may still so happen. For the political machine, vitiated as we have attempted to describe, and backed as it is by overwhelming numbers and enormous wealth, is tending since the war to develop such dire possibilities at home and abroad that, until some drastic change occurs, Uncle Sam's swelled head may well be productive of even more devastating consequences than the megalomania of the Hohenzollerns.

Against such tendencies what can avail the amenities described at the beginning of this article? So long as that admirable minority of Americans, which is as cultured, as refined, and as instinct with all those qualities which should go to make national greatness as the same category in any other first-class nation, yields to, or is compelled to put its neck under the yoke of, this ignorant majority of narrow sectarians and busybodies, how can the United States continue for long to maintain in the eyes of the remainder of the world her claim to be a great nation? For in the domain of intellect these parochial vices stifle not only genius, but even ordinary originality and independence of thought, which are essential attributes of national greatness.

Fortunately, it is impossible to conceive that the United States should be given over permanently to any such purblind doctrine as fundamentalism, of which prohibition is the most sinister symptom. And if it be true that prohibition has cleft the country into two opposite camps, this cleavage is of happy augury; for that section which is on the side of reason and progress must surely ultimately triumph over the forces of obscurantism and lead the country into paths at once more felicitous for America herself and more conducive to the maintenance of the world's peace.

The Case of Our Grandchildren

By C. B. S. Hodson

It is not easy to envisage what is really meant by the "differential birth-rate." For the purposes of this article we shall use the term "birth-rate," not in its exact sense, but for what vital statisticians call "effective fertility." To go back, for example, to the family of Dean Colet, the only surviving child of twenty-one, the birth-rate in this family was twenty-one, but the effective fertility was one.

In a paper written by the veteran French zoologist, Professor de le Pouge, for the World Population Conference,* the birth-rate of a group of middle-class French families is given over a period of close on 200 years. The average births in these families may be put as fifteen, and the effective fertility rate between four and five; the exigencies of family life absorbed such a high number of women, and the priesthood so many of the less effective men, that the group did not really increase numerically in the period studied; indeed, a proportion of the family names have died out.

We can picture the differential birth-rate to ourselves as follows: Ten professional families, Class A, have between them twenty surviving children. Ten casual labourers' families, Class X, have fifty surviving children. In the next generation Class A consists of ten couples with twenty children, and Class X will consist of twenty-five families with 125 surviving children. These figures approximate to those found widely in Western civilization. It would be tedious to enumerate the authorities, but the reader especially interested may be referred to the report of the World Population Conference for figures in Europe, and to recent articles by Professor Raymond Pearl in the *Quarterly Review of Biology*, as well as to papers by Dr. Louis Dublin, for the United States. The position on both sides of the ocean is much the same.

The simple arithmetical calculation given does not, however, convey the real extent of the different rates of increase between the two social extremes, the intermediate grades between these two merging one into the

* See *Eugenics Review*, October 1927.

other in neat gradation. Whereas in Dean Colet's day the wealthy married early, and the lower-paid workers married comparatively late, when they had saved enough wages living-in to establish a home of their own, today the reverse is the case. Let us go back to our little sum.

The men of Class A have $3\frac{1}{3}$ generations in 100 years; our original ten produce first twenty, and in each succeeding generation we have a repetition of ten couples and twenty children. Class X marries early; four generations in 100 years is an underestimate, but we will put it at that. Generation one, as we have seen, gives us fifty children; generation two gives us 125; generation three gives us 310; generation four gives us 775. In other words, Class A has remained constant, Class X has multiplied considerably.

I have not seen any careful calculation by a competent statistician of the working-out of the present differential birth-rate, but it is only when we do make some such simple calculation that the facts of the situation become clear. That statisticians regard the facts as grave and striking there can be no doubt. It is possibly the overwhelming nature of this outlook that has caused Professor Pearl in particular, while clearly proving the facts of the different rates of increase, to comfort himself and his followers with the consoling statement that it does not matter.

The only possible reason for thinking that it does not matter is to suppose that all men are equal, at least potentially equal, and that the nation will not be seriously affected in character by having preponderantly greater numbers in the one group than in the other. In other words, to believe that the innate differences between the professional man and the casual labourer are so small that the best of the casual labourers may easily replace the rank and file of the intellectual classes. Professor Pearl categorically states this to be his view, but it is particularly interesting and important (from our point of view) to notice that he bases his belief, not on any doubts of the facts of heredity, but on the supposition that this differential birth-rate has always existed. Thus it may be argued that, as in every age there have been leaders, rulers, and thinkers, though admittedly in some ages and in some nations there have

been finer minds and more of them than in others, the most outstanding individuals must have risen like cream on the milk from the mass, and their appearance was rather due to the chance arrangement of germinal material here and there, than to any steady accumulation of fine hereditary qualities in a broad group or stratum. Professor Pearl writes: "I do not for one moment subscribe to the view that environmental influences have been the chief factor in the production of superiority. On the contrary, I adhere firmly to Galton's view that heredity plays the principal rôle." He goes out of his way to assert his belief that reproduction of unsound stocks is a racial menace. "The facts set forth," he says, namely, the differential birth-rate, "plainly mean that some part of the next generation's supply of professors, bankers, railroad presidents . . . will have to be recruited among the sons of farmers and factory labourers of this generation. But what of it? *Just precisely this relationship has always been true, so far, in the history of the world.*" If only we knew! Professor Pearl here is speculating, and as an American historian, less shrewdly, perhaps, than would a student of older histories. It must be admitted that we have not exact figures covering a long period, but such figures as we have for England show the present high fertility of the unskilled labourer to be a complete reversal of the conditions existing 100 years ago. Dr. Stevenson has shown this previously. Before the industrial revolution with us the low wage of the unskilled and the largely prevalent "living-in" system made marriage late and kept the family small; while the leaders—yeomen farmers, gentry, clergy, craftsmen, and merchants—married early; the age of marriage between these groups of social classes has been reversed, and likewise the effective fertility has been reversed.

This is a difficult and vital point. For it must be taken in conjunction with the facts referred to above, namely, the very high infant mortality rate in all classes which obtained until quite recently. The mortality rates are still highest in the slums amongst the very poor, but today infant deaths are much fewer than they were, and even accounting for them, the births are so numerous that it is quite correct to speak of a birth-rate of five or more amongst the casual labourers, and

definitely more than five amongst the habitual unemployed, the chargeable poor (paupers) and the destitute. It is a point almost too well known to be mentioned amongst students of population that the quadrupling of our own numbers in 100 years is due, not to an increase in births, but to the drop in deaths, and particularly infant deaths. Nevertheless, we must gather from any careful reconstruction of social conditions of 200 years ago—not to speak of the Middle Ages—that from the industrial revolution onwards we actually have a birth-rate in the sense of a survival rate amongst a group which in former years barely survived. And for this study it is particularly important also to notice that this includes a group never represented in a study of Nature. For amongst primitive peoples, be the racial level high or low, the individual who falls below the normal does not survive and reproduce. Savage tribes, from the very nature of the case, are not faced with the problem of defectives, degenerates, or incompetents according to their own social standards.

Now let us turn to the biological aspects of the case. Here we should like to begin by quoting Professor Pearl's confession of faith in regard to the part played by heredity.

For the emergence of suitable types which can rise above the level he relies on a chance aggregation of favourable heritable qualities, which, he alleges, has in the past produced greatness "from the ranks." Has this in fact been the source of the leading groups?

Joseph is possibly more truly typical here: a slave boy brought by nomad robbers—rising out of gaol to Pharaoh's right hand—really the unknown son of the princely old Israel, himself descended from an adventurous emigrant, who left an old and decaying civilization to found a new one—every man in the picture a leader, an employer, a "prince" in the biological sense.

Professor Pearl instances also Shakespeare, Lincoln and Pasteur. Shakespeare's father was the foremost merchant of his town—nothing very great that, but a case of long-continued mating amongst the "middle" social group. His mother had gentle blood, and was of a family which boasted descent from Guy of Warwick.* Bacon always jumps into one's mind when thinking of

* See "Shakespeare." By Walter Raleigh (pp. 28–31). English Men of Letters. Macmillan.

Shakespeare. A descendant of his family now in London, and of the same name, recently gave the interesting information that Bacon's uncle was a wealthy London butcher, probably of the same commercial rank as Shakespeare's father. In England certainly the successful commercial class has been one of undoubtedly high capacity, people showing energy and character and no little intellectual ability; and it clears up our ideas of levels of intelligence rather well to reflect that most of the great names in art and literature spring from this group; while the great statesmen come more largely from aristocratic families whose traditions of leadership go back into a past too early to trace, and are rarely well known in the region of art. Yet, from the occasional products of their leisure, it is quite evident that they do not lack creative ability in the realm of thought, although their claim to fame usually rests on creative ability in affairs.

Lincoln is one of those clear-cut cases of the frequent reinforcement of the stock in the lower ranks by illicit matings with the upper. In England careful students of rural conditions note that, whereas these had at one time an appreciable effect on village populations, our improved moral customs have practically stopped this infusion. In Scotland this intermixture within the clan has been an even more marked feature than in England, and its effect may have had something to do with the very widespread intellectual ability in all ranks amongst the true Scots.

But to return to the hypothesis that a chance aggregation of happy qualities has given in the past and will give in the future "a number of fit persons duly qualified for the service of God in Church and State." One must go back to experimental studies in plant and animal life in order to see how frequently these happy sports or "mutations" arise. The number of all "sports" is few, and of the particularly useful ones, I know of no experiment which gives sufficient to supply even the small proportion of the employing classes as against the whole population by which civilization is being run today. The man in the street will see for himself where racing would be if the breeding of racehorses were left to this chance aggregation of likely qualities. All that can be granted is that the fortuitous mating of particularly harmonious

qualities to form a genius occurred in those groups where a large number of valuable intellectual characters already existed. The genius may spring from an aristocratic source or from middle-class stock, both of which are endowed mentally and temperamentally with a large variety of socially valuable qualities. It does not spring from stock in which intellectual qualities are poor, though there is often a great fund of the factors making for endurance and honesty.

A belief in heredity, when it becomes general, will demand first and foremost that our present ignorance of the qualities of population should be removed. I have emphasized intellectual qualities up to this point, but possibly unduly. All recent advances in knowledge of human life make more patent the fact that physical and mental qualities are interdependent and that the best physical goes with the best mental development—mental development being merely the more perfect arrangement and more complete "outfit" of the central nervous system, which itself controls the whole functioning of the body; this again is a point readily verifiable by health statistics amongst the feeble in mind, whose bodily development and resistance to disease is as much below the normal as their intellectual capacity.

Indications are not wanting of a fall in average physique in the population as a whole during the period of rapid multiplication of the poor and very poor alongside of the shrinkage of the middle class, including the skilled workers.

The few surveys are quickly enumerated: (*a*) old Army measurements and measurements of small samples by the British Association in the latter half of the nineteenth century; measurements and medical examination of recruits for the Boer War, where one man in three was found fit for service; (*b*) the great medical examination under the Ministry of Service in 1917–18; (*c*) recent recruiting reports: in London for the Army, 1925, rejections 80 per cent; 1923–25 for the Navy (whole country), rejections 90 per cent.; for the Police (Commissioner's Report, 1923), rejections 95 per cent.; (*d*) successive drops in minimum stature for the Guards' Regiments.

On the mental side we have (*a*) the two surveys undertaken by Professor Godfrey Thompson and his helpers in

Northumberland and the Isle of Wight, where the scholars of the elementary and secondary schools (excluding urban areas and suburbs) were all given the same mental tests, the children being grouped according to the profession of the parent. For the lay reader it is perhaps permissible to translate the intelligence quotient into what is known as mental age, and we then get the mental age for the unskilled labourer's children as average 12, that is, twenty-one points above the technical line for mental defect; the lower professional and commercial group (obviously only the less wealthy people's children attend the local rural schools) is 14 years, namely, thirty-three points below the average for University scholarship winners. The North comes out a few points higher than the Isle of Wight, owing to a particularly intelligent group found in the moors on the Border, a little population descended from moss-troopers and Border raiders, too isolated for the lure of the town to carry off their best.

A survey (*b*) has been made of the London school children. Here again the areas where the parents are in skilled and clerical occupations show a distinctly higher average capacity than the areas inhabited by the unskilled and high proportions of unemployed.

I have seen an unpublished study of institutional children who have been brought up in the same environment from under two years old. The averages for Poor Law children are much the lowest of this group.

But the book just published by Mr. Gun * gives very clear examples of the degree to which the mating of ability to ability brings breeding for intellect into view as not merely a possible thing, but a fact which has been responsible for a large proportion of our distinguished men.

Ability mated to inability gives, as we should expect from a study of Mendelian experiments, here and there one distinguished name. The concentration in one family of the inherited qualities from two or three able lines shows over and over again cases where every single member, man and woman alike, has outstanding capacity.

Music is the only psychological capacity as yet analysed into its component parts, and there are numerous good examples of the musical families of several generations' standing in which no single non-musical member occurs.

* "Studies in Hereditary Ability." By W. T. J. Gun. Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.

The facts before us are then as follow.

Up to six generations ago lack of medical and sanitary science left the whole population, rich and poor alike (as regards their physical qualities), subject to very rigid selection by disease and epidemics. Our social conditions prior to the industrial revolution made large families the rule amongst the competent, wealthy and the skilled, and small families the rule amongst the working class and the relatively unskilled, whilst the destitute and the dependent hardly seem to have had an opportunity for leaving progeny at all. We find that physical, mental and temperamental qualities are definitely transmitted, although genius, in our English sense of the man who stands out not only in his generation, but for all time, must be regarded as the fortuitous product of the happy linking of a number of characters in stocks where there is already a large fund of these valuable qualities. It does not arise in the group in which on the average mental capacity is lowest. It follows therefore that we cannot expect this nation to maintain the level it has reached if we throw over the processes by which we have attained our present National Endowment and these processes are reversed. Those of us who have reached later middle life have more brothers and sisters than nephews, nieces or grandchildren. The educated classes are no longer maintaining their numbers. The hypothetical Class A with which we began this essay is actually numerically static, but the birth-rate or effective fertility of our most intellectual group is less than two, that is, the numbers of the most intelligent part of the population are dropping. Our skilled artisans have today a birth-rate of two, that is, their numbers are remaining static. Meanwhile, the population is growing at the rate of 300,000 a year, and therefore the increase shown in our hypothetical Class X is in actuality found by translating Class X into the unskilled and the casual. The early marriage age and the birth-rate amongst those who are largely supported by the community is even higher, and it cannot be an overstatement to say that we have lost much ground in our inherited natural capacity and that if we begin today to cease squandering what has been achieved as the end product of an enormously long evolution, we shall have some leeway to make up.

Campbell's Political Poetry

By Edmund Blunden

WHAT is the cause that the new generation of poets so scrupulously avoids all themes of politics and international movements? Scarcely anywhere do we hear a voice above a whisper discoursing in verse of the destiny of nations, or the work of the leaders of Europe, America and Asia. The pastoral Wordsworth could call upon his country, as upon a well-comprehended neighbour, for her greatest efforts, and point out in stately sonnets the situation of the world; Coleridge, springing from his Xanadian dreams, sublimely and passionately interpreted the recent history of France, or arraigned Pitt in fiery satire; almost every poet a hundred years since could write with genuine fervour on the public events and probabilities "from China to Peru." Perhaps the changed Muse does no more than follow the changed status of politics in our life, for it only needs the mention of names like Cobbett and Hone to indicate that the present-day Englishman has never known the all-involving enthusiasm for political justice which once swept the country. He has never seen even an election in all its din and glory. And doubtless our world is wider and more complicated, our information more voluminous and pretentious; while the years of indescribable tribulation through which we have fought and trudged have schooled us, even the poets, to be a little shy of constructing the political platforms from which some day actual steel howitzers may distribute annihilation.

Reflections like these have occurred during occasional readings of Thomas Campbell, the Bard of Hope—and greater than that—who shares with his contemporaries the powerful art of political poetry, and who looks over province and capital, frontier and campaigning area with large survey. There is a preconception of "The Dynasts" in the doomful thought and beat of "Hohenlinden," in

the baffling alliance of jubilee and regret sounding on through the "Battle of the Baltic"; Campbell's spirit might well have hovered with Hardy's "Chorus of Intelligences" over those astounding fields of Europe in the hour of Napoleon. It is as a poet of battle that Campbell is best known, and even modern war experience finds itself identified in his stern pictures, with their intimation of concealed and pitiless forces; yet this division of his work belongs to a general faculty for reviewing, anticipating and expressing European topics. It is strange that a notion of Campbell as a flimsy, mock-heroic figure should have got abroad in view of that faculty and its impressive embodiments in his poetry.

We find him, true to the habit of the nineteenth century, "preserving a continued dread of the progress of Russia, and her designs upon the liberties and happiness of the Continent"; in 1832 this far-drawn anxiety, amplified by reports of Russian atrocities in Poland, culminated in a weighty poem called "The Power of Russia." Some of its daring declarations are prophetic with a peculiar accuracy of the feelings of many persons during the last few years, and might have served more than one leader-writer to point his warning moral:

> But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen speak)
> Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
> O, lamentable weakness! reckoning weak
> The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.
> What implement lacks he for war's career,
> That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
> (Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere)
> Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
> And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines!

An odd footnote to this poem might be made of the fact that Campbell once received, and considered, the offer of a professorship in a Russian University. But his heart was with Poland, from the time when, in his juvenile and too famous metaphor:

> Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

to his latest days; for Poland he gave his eloquence and his means, founding an association to foster its cause in London (not the only thing he had a hand in founding, as the London University happily remembers). For

Poland he wrote in a strain of rapture worthy of a love affair :

> Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
> That's fann'd by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage :
> She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
> And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
> Another Athens after Marathon,—
> Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
> Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
> Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy,
> And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy;
> Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
> And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's sun.

That is only a phrase in his extraordinary melody, which, as it loads Poland with praises, dauntlessly insults those who did not assist her; with this kind of inspiration our modern poetry has no acquaintance at all. No one seems prepared to make his own country's ballads, let alone those of other countries, in matters of government; we hand over such agenda to the machinery of the League of Nations.

Besides the foreign policy of Britain, the honour of Poland, the " cold phosphoric eyes " of Germany, the ravenings of the Russian bear and similar Continental issues, the public spirit of Campbell discovered poetic occasions in the calamities of the Irish revolutionaries, the self-sacrifice of the Spanish patriots who rose against Napoleon, the struggles of the Greeks, the colonization of New South Wales, and the spread of industrialism along the Clyde. The poem in which he claimed a generous sympathy for the refugee Irishmen who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798, though by no means shaped out by his finer powers of imagination, had the picturesque pathos and simple musical form to catch the taste of the many; it was the " Exile of Erin." And here again, after agreeing that the poem is touching, we may add an unexpected footnote : the song was suggested by the poet's meeting an exile named MacCann in Germany in 1800, " lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation "; but when Campbell met him next after twenty-five years, he found that, by winning the heart of a young widow of Altona, the poor exile was one of the wealthiest and most prominent inhabitants of that place.

Campbell wrote much more splendidly, but without attracting anything like the same widespread audience, as he watched an emigrant ship leaving for Australia. This poem (to which the fancy of the engraver Harvey has prefixed an irresistible vignette of some children adorning a kangaroo with a necklace of wild flowers) is another prophetic adventure; how far it is found correct may be judged by the simple citation of such passages as—

> Our very speech, methinks, in after-time,
> Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime.

But the whole utterance is borne proudly forward on the surge of a puissant emotion :

> Delightful land, in wildness ev'n benign,
> The glorious past is ours, the future thine!
> As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
> The lines of empire in thine infant face.
> What nations in thy wide horizon's span
> Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man!
> What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam.

The poet pictures the marble symmetries, the colonnaded aisles, the pavements and the statues, the organs "yielding tempests of sweet sound," and all the other noble works of Australasian endeavour; but it is his greater distinction that he predicts with unalloyed and delightful satisfaction the later generations of Australians to whom England shall be nothing but a name, but their own country's names, " to us uncouthly wild," the keys to all sweet thoughts and poetry.

The Betrayal

By W. Gilhespy

It was nearly midnight. The two men in the condemned cells were awaiting death with the stoical resignation of the Mohammedan. By the light of lanterns a dozen convicts, guarded by armed policemen, were erecting a scaffold on the great open square in front of the jail—for, until the end of the last century, public executions were the rule in India.

The great gong outside the jail guard-room boomed the midnight hour, the prisoners finished their task, and were marched back to their cells. One by one the sightseers strolled away to be replaced by others, for the Oriental idler loves to turn night into day.

Throughout the night the sentry in front of the guard-room struck the hours and half-hours on the gong, each deep-toned announcement followed by the sentries' call: "Number one and a-a-a-ll's well"; "Number two and a-a-a-ll's well"—until the twentieth man repeated the cry, shouldered his rifle and marched up and down—up and down—fifteen paces and a turn—fifteen paces more along the flagged path in front of the condemned cells.

Each doorless cell had its little paved courtyard with walls 10 ft. high. The light above the locked and barred gate shone on the cots occupied by the condemned men. One, a tall, powerful man, slept fitfully, turning under his blanket whenever the gong spoke its relentless message. The other, shorter and even more strongly built, slept soundly, woke once and asked for water. The havildar (sergeant) of police passed a tin can of water through the bars of the iron gate.

"Drink and quench thy thirst in the name of Allah," he said kindly. "Drink thou and rest, Sher Gul. There are two hours yet until the dawn." Sher Gul drank deeply and returned to his cot, slumbering as peacefully as though the hurrying moments were not his last on earth.

Before the stars paled a score of mounted police rode in line across the square before the jail, clearing it of loiterers. Then came the armed police, who formed line at open intervals, while the "town" police patrolled

the surrounding quarters. For this was a red letter day for those who loved to witness executions, the men in the condemned cells being among the last of a notorious gang of thieves and cut-throats.

Calvert, the Police Inspector, rode slowly across the square, ostensibly to satisfy himself that the men had been properly posted, in reality on quite a different errand. Mingling with the crowd were nearly a score of picked men of the secret police, unknown to the rest of the force—some of them unknown to each other.

The most experienced of these men had risked their lives in tracking the band known as " Ghulam Chandio's gang," two of whom were even then being prepared for execution. With their death, all except the leader would be accounted for, and it was for the purpose of discovering the daring chieftain that they now mixed with the crowd.

Ghulam Chandio had been born and reared to the trade of cattle lifting, at one time a lucrative and fairly comfortable profession. A daring, hot-tempered thief, Ghulam had been arrested and committed for trial, had killed the careless policeman who was taking him to jail, and had escaped. Two days later he slew the man who put the police on his track.

He was an outlaw now with a price on his head. His crimes had brought him notoriety and he had little difficulty in making himself chief of the outlaws who found refuge in the Jhellani Bhela, a vast stretch of swamp and jungle which had the Indus and its backwaters for a boundary on one side, and arid desert on the other.

In the trackless jungle, and amid the treacherous swamps a thousand such gangs could have hidden, sallying forth to plunder with impunity. A thousand policemen could not have driven them out. There were vast areas of tangled thicket surrounded by fathomless pits of green slime, with narrow quaking footpaths that only the thieves knew—only the thieves, and the graziers who fed their flocks and herds there. These latter could have helped the police but dared not. Those jungles had been the haunts of outlaws from time immemorial, and the peasants feared the freebooters infinitely more than they did the inadequate police force. The police had not even the power to punish, the outlaws had the power—and the will—to torture and slay.

Here Ghulam of the Chandios was king, ruling by terror, holding the fear and admiration, if not the affection, of his subjects. On the whole he was a very wise king, impulsively generous to those who were loyal, brutal beyond belief to those whom he even suspected of wavering.

To follow and capture men who were so well guarded seemed an impossibility, yet Calvert's men had done the apparently impossible. It had taken them nearly four years. One had been murdered on his own hearth stone, one had been found mutilated in the river and a third had probably found a grave in the swamps, for he was never seen or heard of again.

Others took their place, and the grim search continued. In the guise of priests, traders, beggars, cattle thieves or outcasts, those hunters of men took their lives in their hands and set out on the trail. They hunted mythical lost animals into the Jhellani Bhela, spoke to the thieves they hunted and returned without having done any good. They waited outside that desolate wilderness, followed their quarry on their swift raids and lost them, followed them again and again until, one by one and two by two, all except the leader had been rounded up.

Now they threaded their way among the crowd that lined the great square, eager to lay their hands on Ghulam. Calvert picked them out one by one in the seething multitude. For a moment his glance rested on the driver of a hired carriage and the man took care not to meet his eyes—a confession of failure. A wealthy landowner turned his head aside, a greasy sweetmeat seller walked away as he passed. An insolent looking fop, a be-spectacled trader and a dozen more watchers passed the same message—failure—always failure.

He rode slowly to the north-east corner of the square and dismounted. With his back to the rising sun he could the more easily see any message that might be flashed to him, and he dare not risk delay. If Ghulam slipped through his fingers this morning, he would get together another band of outlaws and the weary hunt would begin all over. Hope revived as he recalled Akbar Ali's assurance.

"Ghulam will come to the hanging—he will surely come," he declared with passionate conviction. "Two

days ago I was among the graziers who befriended him, because they dare not refuse, and they *know* he will come. He promised, and he keeps his promises. Thief, red-handed cut-throat—aye, a son of the devil in very truth, is this Ghulam of the Chandio tribe—but, oh sahib, he is a *man*. While Allah gives me breath, I will hunt him for the life, but ever will I admit that he is a *man*. He was at the execution here last time and the time before, but we did not know it in time. Surely he will come."

Calvert saw Akbar Ali now. He was dressed as a religious mendicant and had the heavy eyes, the thick speech and the shambling, uncertain gait of the habitual drug-taker. Even his superior, who knew him to be the keenest detective in the service, was deceived for a moment.

"No sign from him either," Calvert muttered as he gave his horse to an orderly and entered the jail. He had given strict orders to his policemen and the two warders that they were not to harass the doomed men by any attempt to get information from them in their last hours. Still, he had known condemned men to lose their nerve and babble like children at the last.

A glance at those who were being pinioned told him that they were made of sterner stuff. He made his way back to the square and saw Akbar Ali standing directly opposite the scaffold. Even in his anxiety and disappointment, he could afford to pity the man whose failure to detect the arch-criminal would be a bitter blow to him.

A hush fell on the crowd as the prison gates were opened. But a low, dull murmur, like the surf breaking on a distant shore, was again heard when they saw that the chief actors in the grim drama did not appear. Instead some two hundred convicts were marched into that portion of the square which was divided from the remainder by high, spiked railings. Here they were formed into line to see the condemned men executed, in accordance with a custom long abolished.

The hands of the great clock showed that in five minutes more the doomed felons would be marched to their death. The pinioning of their arms finished, they were given the opportunity to make any request or complaint, to send any last message. Sher Gul listened

in scowling indifference, the other answered quietly, then repeated the Moslem confession of faith: "Allah Illah Allah. Mahomed Yar Rasool Allah." (There is no God but God and Mahomed is the Prophet of God.)

Slowly, with a certain unconscious dignity, this man walked towards the prison gates. The other stalked beside him, sullen indifference on his savage countenance. As the procession reached the foot of the scaffold Sher Gul's glance swept the multitude of silent witnesses with ferocious anxiety. He was looking for Ghulam Chandio.

"Hast thou seen him?" he whispered to his companion, "he said he would be here."

The magistrate read the sentence of the court, as required by law, returned it to its envelope and handed it to the deputy jailer.

Then he read the warrant for the execution, slowly and impressively. Some twenty thousand men stood round that square, so silent and motionless that only the magistrate's low, steady tones were heard. Traffic in the streets surrounding the jail seemed to have ceased. The kites that hovered above, dim specks in the cloudless blue, seemed to be inert. In that death-like hush only one figure showed any signs of animation. Sher Gul again spoke to his companion in a savage whisper: "Hast thou seen him? He said he would be here. I cannot see him," and he craned his neck to see beyond the scaffold.

The other made no answer but glanced at the grim structure that confronted him. The strong cross beam showed stark against the tender glory of the dawn, and the gentle morning breeze swayed the dangling ropes in mocking invitation.

For the last time the doomed wretches were given the opportunity to send a last message. Sher Gul stepped boldly forward, wrenched his pinioned arm from those who proffered assistance and briskly mounted the ladder. From the platform he had a clear view of that sea of staring, horror-stricken faces, and with wolfish eagerness his eyes searched for his leader. He fixed them on a man who bore a slight resemblance to Ghulam Chandio and that man buried his face in his hands, overcome by the savage intentness of the doomed felon's gaze.

One more yearning search, and a ghastly grey pallor overspread Sher Gul's face. His courage failed. From the hour of his arrest he had shown a brutal indifference to his fate. Now he quailed. His trusted leader had broken his promise.

Outlawed and outcast, an Ishmael among men, shunned even by fellow thieves, Sher Gul had shown that he had one redeeming virtue. He had been loyal to the greater brute who ruled him and others of his kind by the fear of torture and death, who had been swift to succour and swift to slay. Ruled by the brutal methods which an Oriental knows how to appreciate, Sher Gul had given his whole-hearted allegiance. All he had asked of the few minutes of life that were left to him was a sight of his leader's face in a last, silent farewell. And his trusted leader had failed him.

"Allah Illah Allah. Mahomed Yar Rasool Allah," his companion repeated in loud, clear tones, as the convict who acted as executioner gently pushed him into position under the noose. Sher Gul, ashamed of having betrayed his disappointment, glanced up and stepped jauntily under the other noose.

"Allah Illah Allah. Mahomed Yar Rasool Allah," he shouted, as the noose was placed around his neck. It was more an expression of despair than a confession of faith.

He bellowed it again in insolent farewell to life, in hideous defiance of death, in braggart attempt to show a bold front to those who had gathered to watch him die. Once more: "Allah Illah Allah. Mahomed Yar——." He ceased. The lofty jail walls flung back the echo of his half uttered confession of faith. He saw his leader. His expression of savage defiance gave place to one of greeting, of childish delight, of—the white mask covered it, and he died.

Akbar Ali, standing on the edge of the crowd, had followed that flashing glance and saw Ghulam Chandio, disguised as a Hindu trader.

The detective did not even turn his head but his eyes telegraphed their eager message to the white man who was watching for it. Their long search was ended.

Sher Gul's last glance had betrayed his leader.

A Voyage for the Five Senses

By Jan and Cora Gordon

(Authors of "Two Vagabonds in Sweden and Lapland," etc.)

(Drawings by Jan Gordon)

THE normal idea of the happy traveller is to be little more than a pair of eyes and a pocket-book. He absorbs with his eyes and he pays with his pocket-book, and the less any other capacity is dragged into the affair, the better off he is. And often with justice this is so. We travel for distraction and amusement; we do not seek disgust. The eyes can rouse our admiration, delight, sympathy or pity; but they do not plunge us headlong into contact with the things we choose to look at. This, however, is not true of the other senses. The ears, the nose, the taste and the touch are a little obtrusive as travelling companions. They tend to clutch us by the elbow and drag us willy-nilly in. So, even in the most travelled parts of Europe, a delight to the eyes may be a painful experience to every other sense.

This becomes more true the farther we go away from the beaten track. Yet every traveller desires nothing more than to leave the well-worn path. But discomfort, smells, unappetizing experiments with digestion, and even vermin may await the unlucky wanderer who deviates ever so little from the path which hundreds and thousands of Continental travellers have trod before him. Everywhere he is a condemned tourist, and everywhere meets only with his kind. Even if he wishes to get into closer contact with the actual lives of the people amongst whom he is travelling, he is debarred by the obstacles of his indomitable and unruly senses.

Yet obviously the total pleasures of any voyage must be the greater when all the five senses can partake without timidity. The poet may chant, "See Naples and die," but the average traveller thinks, "Smell Naples and you'll die." So, if you would take a holiday and travel all your senses with you, if you would see, touch, hear, smell and taste in chorus, you will choose some land where all will be tickled agreeably and in equal measure. And where will you find sweeter smells, more charming and unexpected sights, more intriguing flavours, more harmonious natural music and better accommodation anywhere than along the Baltic coasts of Sweden?

It is not our task to write of the beauties of cities;

there are many writers who love the cities better than we do. We praise the humble country-folk. There never has been a Golden Age of Man, but the holiday-maker taking his vacation amongst a really simple peasant folk might sometimes be pardoned if he is tempted to feel that the age once really existed when all the world was contented at the plough and did not yearn for the illusive joys of the city. To come into close contact with the best kinds of country-folk is to touch something which borders on reality and dream. To find oneself dancing round the maypole at midsummer's midnight, or even to watch others dancing thus, and to be aware at the same time that this dance is no revival or concocted anachronism, but one which has been annually performed from the darkest times of the days of the Vikings—to find oneself in such a situation is, for any person of quick imagination, to store up a sweet memory which grows more and more fairylike as the years recede. And, in this workaday world, we have need enough of such memories.

So, too, the delights of the Swedish countryside have a charm which is at once a blend of the past and the present, like the legends of Selma Lagerlöf, which might almost be enacted there still. The vermilion houses dotting the intensely green hills; the odd pagoda-like belfries with elaborate ornamentations of wood, something quite unexpected in European architecture; the splendid interiors of many of the cottages with paintings and carved utensils; the vivid, striped costumes still proudly worn by all from baby to grandmother; all these and more you may see at the astonishing open-air Culture Museum at Skansen, Stockholm, the only museum of its kind in the world. Hither have come, snow-transported during the winter months, the most characteristic wooden homes of the Swedish countryside. But do not think that, because a certain number of them have been set in a museum, none are left in the country itself. The same old character still survives almost everywhere in the country with its forests, fields, lakes and waterfalls. Here the old country life still goes on, leavened but not harmed by the school which is so important a feature of the Swedish village. The country Swede does not at once ape the townsman because he has learned to read a book.

In so much of Europe it is true that the peasant's nature only remains sweet so long as he is ignorant. Teach him a little and he at once destroys all his old courtesies, becomes ashamed of all his old culture, and receives little except vulgarity in exchange. But the Swedish farmer can instruct himself, yet see no reason for despising his ancient habits and traditions. Anyway, things have natural powers of preservation up here. We have seen in old Swedish farms wallpapers still fresh after fifty years of service, their whites mellowed in the time to a charming light buff, but the quaint printed patterns as vivid as the day on which they were proudly hung. And to match the Nottingham lace curtains on the parlour windows they may have painted similar curtains on the windows of the cow-byres opposite.

You need have no fear of eating in a Swedish farm. In his own way the Swedish peasant is an epicure—as able a cook as the Frenchman. Here you will get none of the clumsy bacon and eggs and stiff-brewed tea which constitute the English cottage woman's only morning dish. But the Swedish farmer is an epicure in a new

OLD STOCKHOLM.

(From Jan and Cora Gordon's "Two Vagabonds in Sweden and Lapland." John Lane.)

way. Most people fear to *travel* at all in a culinary sense, but here you may lay aside fear. Some of the dishes may strike a strange note; some will seem distinctly experiments. But this is indeed culinary travelling. Swift says: "He was a brave man who first ate an oyster." But oysters have been tried and proved, whatever the terrors of the first experimenter may have been. So, too, the Swedish cuisine. Whatever the Swedish cook offers, you try it. It has been tested and approved by generations of Swedish gourmets, and amongst the world's epicures the Swedish gourmet is by no means in the lower ranks.

What in its way is more magnificent than the invention of the Smörgåsbord, that wealth of *hors d'œuvres*, sometimes with thirty dishes to choose from as a preliminary to the real lunch? The Smörgåsbord is a gesture in itself. How will Swedish ladies bow to the dictates of modern fashion? Will they discard the glories of the Swedish table, munch miserable lettuce, deny themselves twice a day in order to fit themselves to the whims of Parisian and American dressmakers? The townsfolk may, indeed, but the country costumes still encourage woman to be her real shape. They do not deny the seduction of a curve here and there. They are as simple as the wearers.

And for your ears, there is the thrilling old Swedish fiddling. At Skansen also, if you are not adventurous, you can hear the old fiddlers play and see the people dance. But there it is something of a show, after all. In the country they fiddle and dance more naturally.

If you have our luck, you will seek some village where they are holding an old fiddling contest. The Swedish Touring Club may be able to inform you. Take the steamer from Stockholm northwards. The Swedish character grows in interest as you travel to higher latitudes. Go to where the nights fade out into three-hour-long sunsets, in the Norrland. Go up to where the salmon-trout is so thick in the rivers that the farm servants used to have written in their contracts that they were not to be compelled to eat of this fish more than three times a week. There you may chance to light on some fiddle-playing village, where to old traditional music the stout village lads and the limber girls dance all night

in the big red barns—dance wild dances, hambos and polskas. Go to Delsbo or Ångermanland.

Up there lives the master fiddler of Sweden, Rikspelman Ost, honoured by the late Anders Zorn, the eminent painter. He is a modern image of the pied piper. He can swing whole villages at his fiddle-bow. We visited him for three days bartering Spanish music for old Swedish melodies. On the final evening of our visit he went out into the wood that surrounds his cottage. He came in laughing.

"What is amusing you?" we asked.

"Go out yourselves and look in the wood," he said.

We went, but saw nothing more than the moonlight and the tree trunks.

"Behind almost every tree in the wood a person is hiding," he said.

This scene was typical. It shows the simplicity, the love of music, the bashfulness. Those people were too shy to come into the house; they would not crowd outside, absorbing yet aloof; no, they listened but concealed themselves. Had the master fiddler not told us, we should never have suspected their presence.

And what an appreciation of the music of other lands! We have played European music to Spanish peasants. It only moved them to ridicule. But we played at a village concert in Sweden and the villagers sent us, as recognition, a hand-woven linen curtain with our initials done in the centre. Or take the master fiddler's son. He showed so much talent, winning the best fiddling contest in Sweden at the age of seventeen, that money was raised to send him to the Conservatoire. At the last moment he refused.

"I want to play for the ordinary folk," he said. "I will stick to our old-fashioned fiddling."

No description of Sweden, topographical, pictorial or humanitarian, would be complete without a reference to Lapland. Few persons have so little imagination that they have not been at some time touched by the romance of the Arctic. One of our first childish memories is of the Finnish woman and the Lappish woman in Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Yet somehow the Arctic seems a long way off or very expensive to attain. It thus remains an untouchable illusion. But nowadays, even for the

comfort-seeking, the Arctic is easy enough to reach, the route is really neither long nor difficult. The great electric railway and the Swedish Touring Club have smoothed all the paths. You may even penetrate into the wildest part of Lapland by means of motor-boats on the great lakes; you can see the glaciers of the Great Lake Fall, National Park; you can see the migrant Lapps with their reindeer and their tepees. Again, if you are as lucky as we were, you might meet Karl Tiren, the collector of Lapp music, in his summer home. You might hear from him the queerest music in the world—the only music which sets out to copy Nature as far as Nature can be copied musically. From the Lapps themselves you will not hear it, because the missionaries have forbidden

TYPICAL ÅNGERMANLAND SCENERY.

(From the Authors' "Two Vagabonds in Sweden and Lapland." John Lane.)

them song; it was so interwoven with their old paganism that to eradicate the one seemed impossible without suppressing the other. Today no Lapp dares to sing except under one impulse. There are no real swear-words in the Lappish language; so now, when a Lapp meets an inexpressible situation, he sings it instead.

There is something in this wild lost Lapland so moving, something which so awes by its defiant immensity that it acts as a tonic to the tired worker from the city. It is wholly unlike anything else in the world. Further, the Arctic has in it a strange exciting quality. The air seems hyper-oxygenated. The Swede from the north is always pining for the white nights and the crisp air of his native home. This in spite of the three months of summer's day and the equal period of winter's night.

For the hardier tourist there are magnificent walking tours over this waste land of the Lapps; such walks are of every variety from a few hours to tramps of several days or longer. There are free shelters and guides at moderate fees, obstacles and interest; and, above all, the incredible stimulant of the Arctic air which is such that a man or woman can do twenty miles and feel at the end of them even fresher than at the start of the day.

Neither for the comfort-loving nor for the hardy is the Arctic any longer distant and unapproachable. To stand at the spot where trees can live no longer and where even the baby birch retreats before the winter's inclemency is an experience never to be forgotten. Yet here man survives and, according to his lights, lives well. The Laplander does not complain. Send him to Stockholm and luxury, back he comes to his high altitudes. In the autumn Lapland reaches an almost incredible climax of loveliness. The Touring Club house at Abisko stays open long enough to let the visitor enjoy this vision. No colours on the painter's palette can match the moment when the frosts catch the Arctic foliage and cut its sap. No description will translate any image of the beauty. Only in one way can the traveller imagine the richness of its tint, and that is by seeing it for himself.

One day we met a girl who had travelled over much of Europe, and, of all the countries, she chose Sweden as having given her the most complete and most enduring memory. May that be your experience also!

"Things"

By John C. Moore

My friend Sam, the poacher, can hardly be credited with a very vivid imagination. Indeed, the exigencies of his trade do not permit him to possess one; for the silence of the woods at night is a queer silence, and small sounds are apt to shatter it suddenly, sounds that would make some men jump. And when one is trying to be particularly still and quiet, and the light in the keeper's cottage gleams ominously through the trees, it is just as well not to jump. In fact, a start might be fatal. Jays are noisy birds. Perhaps it is that an imagination of this sort—the kind that makes one jump when a fox rustles through the bracken—is akin to, if not dependent upon, a conscience; and by a divine ordinance Sam has not been given a conscience. He simply cannot understand such a thing.

Now, if you or I, whose sins occupy perhaps half a page of the Recording Angel's ledgers in comparison with Sam's twenty volumes, were to walk at midnight through the Long Copse, or across the moor, beside the river, or down by the Silent Pool, it is quite possible that our nerves would become just a little strained, just a little sharpened and on edge. We should not be frightened, of course, but—well, taut. Taut; waiting for something to happen, and then starting when a jay squawked or an owl screeched close at hand. We should hear Things rustling in the grasses, Things splashing in the water, Things moaning softly in the bushes, Things sighing queerly in the trees. To us, they are just Things; rather terrifying because of our ignorance of them. But Sam catalogues them specifically and particularly. He knows the rustle of a sliding snake from that of a gliding weasel; knows the bat's squeak and the jay's call, the nightjar's and the owl's; the splash of wallowing bream and the sough of the early morning wind through the trees. What are Things to us are birds and beasts and insects to Sam. I suppose it is partly a matter of knowledge,

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partly of conscience. I remember most of my sins; Sam could not possibly remember one-half of his; so conveniently forgets them all.

However it may be, this rather lengthy prelude is designed to show that Sam is not in the habit of seeing and hearing and feeling Things; though his sharp eyes miss few rabbits, and his keen ears fail to warn him of few footsteps. And it is just this that makes his queer story all the queerer.

I must give it in my own words; not that they are better than Sam's rather colourful oratory—I do not think they are—but simply because Sam's special variety of prose is not for all occasions and all audiences. It is reserved for one or two favoured folk like myself, down in the "Green Dragon" bar, over a pint of the landlord's best, half an hour after closing time—but that is another matter entirely. The frequent personal allusions, the queer idiom, the allegory, the metaphor, the simile: all would be lost upon the average reader. And above all, the favourite expletive——

. . . . .

It was early in the autumn of last year that Sam decided to try for a snipe down by the Silent Pool. The excursion was in the nature of a holiday from the much more serious business of poaching my pheasants and the pheasants of all my neighbours; for the marshy swamps around the Silent Pool were neglected and unfrequented, and no one had ever bothered about the shooting rights within the memory of man. Not even the osiers were tended—the place was four miles from a main road, and at one and threepence a bundle (and a bundle must be forty-two inches round its waist) it simply did not pay.

The Silent Pool is the biggest of several ponds which lie close together in the middle of a large withy-bed. Popular superstition has it that it is bottomless; however that may be, it is a gloomy place enough, overgrown with sallows and hedged in with bulrushes, so that no wind ever reaches it to ruffle the oily calm of its dark waters. A solitary poplar, sentinel-like, stands up at its farthermost edge.

The pools are joined together by a network of dykes and runnels. The whole place is a marsh, and there are spots where one could sink up to one's neck in slimy, black mud in half a minute. One ill-defined path runs parallel with the biggest of the runnels, and circles the pool itself; the rest is an untrodden wilderness. One feature by its very incongruity increases the impression of gloom and solitude. A single telephone wire, run across country to the old Manor House at the bottom of the valley, traverses the top end of the swamp and violates the branches of the sentinel poplar.

It is, indeed, a spot

> as lonely and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon lover.

But there is no traditional ghost connected with the place. It could tell tales, perhaps, of suicide and murder, and the ends of babies whose birth has been an inconvenience; but for my part I think its story would be one of gloom and solitude, silence and darkness, and gloom and unending solitude again. It is as if the pond were dead, when not even a breeze can ruffle the dark mirror of its surface, which reflects nothing but the lonely poplar and the changeless, ever-changing, sky.

. . . . .

There were few spots within his district that were not subject to Sam's periodical scrutiny, and the Silent Pool was no exception. He had marked down a brace of snipe breeding in the osier-bed in the spring, and there were mallard come to the pool to roost. So one evening in mid-September he took his gun, called his dog, and tramped off across the meadows towards the pool, following the line of the hedges. He avoided footpaths and open country generally; and Sam on a main road always reminded me somehow of an owl caught blinking in a tree in the sunlight, terrified of the mob of tits and sparrows.

His bitch, Jane, followed so closely at his heels that one could see her pad-marks impressed regularly upon his footprints. Their tracks, in this respect, were the only things that Sam and the keepers had in common.

This Jane was, indeed, a lady fallen from virtue. She had been born of parents of excellent pedigree, but the owner, during his absence on the Riviera, had entrusted the chauffeur to look after Jane's mother, and when he received a respectful letter to say that Brackenhurst Bountiful had a litter of four puppies he saw no reason to doubt the statement. Actually, she had had six; and the chauffeur thus ingeniously provided himself with, as he put it, two "buckshee" ones which he proceeded to dispose of to his friends.

Sam was the recipient of one; and the little ball of black fur renounced the honourable title of, say, Brackenhurst Ballet-dancer, and became plain Jane. As she grew up into a very handsome Cocker, she acquired all the furtive, slinking characteristics of the poacher's dog; became, in fact, as disreputable a person as Sam himself. She had an entirely illegitimate litter of puppies by a shepherd's collie, each member of which grew up as shameful and shameless as herself. The eldest amused itself by making violent love to all the keepers' bitches in the neighbourhood, whose consequent mongrel offspring surprised and disgusted the owners beyond words. But it was a risky sport, and one day a charge of No. 5 shot rolled him over like a rabbit.

But to get back to Jane and her disreputable owner.

Sam followed his devious course and entered the swamp at the leeward end, more out of habit than because of the wind; for the evening was almost calm, with that tense stillness which comes only in the autumn.

Mists rose up like sinuous wraiths marking the courses of the dykes, and hanging like blots and smudges over the pools. In the west the sun was sinking through the haze into a crimson lake.

Sam took the only clear path and fought his way through the branches of projecting sallows, which met like an archway of crossed swords above his head.

"Seek in—seek," he called softly, and Jane went crashing through the undergrowth down to the runnel; questing among the rushes, splashing in the water. And "Seek, seek," called Sam so softly, yet so shrilly.

A mallard rose with a whirr of wings, but the sallows hid it from view, and when at last it swept back overhead,

it was high up out of range, and Sam knew better than to waste a shot on it.

He crept along the rough pathway until he reached the Silent Pool. Now and then the "plop" of a diving water-rat broke the silence, and Jane's inquisitive sniff as she tested each clump of reeds. For the rest, it was very still, and the sun had set. The first evening chills crept across the swamp, and the labyrinthine pattern of the mists over the runnels became less clearly defined, their edges melting everywhere into shadows. It seemed to Sam that the dusk came very suddenly.

Two moorhens swam about in the middle of the pool, but there was no other sign of life. It was duck-light now, and Sam called Jane to his heels and set himself to wait patiently for the mallard. He waited for a quarter of an hour; the twilight deepened. Once a moth fluttered against his face with a soft caress of downy wings, and Sam so far forgot himself as to strike at it irritably with his hand. The utter stillness seemed to him rather queer. He began to think that it would be very easy to trip over one of the stumps in the darkness on the way back; and that there was no saying that the hammer of his gun might not catch in his coat as he fell, from which it needed no great stretch of imagination to visualize the gun thrown up in such a position that it would blow his brains out. Such a death seemed to Sam peculiarly unpleasant. For one would lie there, lie there for days and weeks and months, and no one would be any the wiser. Sam was not the sort of person for whom they would send out search-parties; his absences, generally in gaol, were too frequent to excite comment.

Some such notion came into Sam's head, and the more he thought of it, the less he liked it. Slowly one would rot, half in the water and half in the mud, with Jane watching restlessly over one's body, sniffing, scratching, whimpering impatiently. One's skeleton would remain there for ever in that horrible stillness——

The idea did not appeal to Sam, who had, like many pagans, an earnest desire for a decent burial. He opened his gun and took out the cartridges; it was too late for a shot, even if the duck did come. The only sounds now were the occasional croak of a moorhen, the wallow of

gigantic fish in the pool, and the gurgle and bubble of marsh-gas rising up through the mud. Sam noticed for the first time that some foul miasma seemed to hang about the place; there was an odour of death and corruption in the air, a stench of mud and rotting things. He made up his mind to go back while there was yet some glimmer of daylight; and then suddenly, Jane, who had been lying quietly at his feet, sprang up and froze. Involuntarily, Sam froze, too.

It seemed at first as if a wind had got up and was sighing through the dry leaves of the poplar and rustling among the bulrushes. And then swish-swish—something passed over the pool with a sighing moan and the water was ruffled and churned into spray for a second. Jane growled softly, and Sam saw that she was shivering. A bitter cold seemed to envelop him. He felt another moth brush against his face, then another and another. But he could not see the blurred dusky forms, though it was still light, and when he struck at them, he felt nothing. His hands beat like flails, striking the emptiness of air.

All at once it struck Sam that they were not moths.

Again and again the Things touched him. He felt them all over his face and neck, felt them brushing against his legs through his trousers. There were Things abroad with a vengeance now, rustling in the dry reeds, sighing in the trees, swishing over the water. It was as if the atmosphere was charged with electricity gone mad. Jane kept up a low growling. A cold sweat broke out on Sam's forehead. Remember, he was not accustomed to Things. He told himself that the sound was the whistle of ducks' wings, and that the ducks were circling overhead before they alighted on the pond. But he knew too well that it was nothing of the sort. One needs an imagination to deceive oneself.

Sam turned hurriedly to go; as he did so, a strange climax, "twang!" went the telephone wire, and there was a sudden stillness. The rustlings, the sighings, the moanings died in mid career.

The ensuing horrible silence was too much for Sam. For the first and only time in his life he lost his head. He called to Jane in a shrill querulous tone, which he scarcely recognized as his own voice, and away he went

down the dark pathway towards the open country. He ran blindly, heedless of the branches which sprang back catapult-like into his face, careless of the stumps that tripped him up and the muddy ditches into which he fell. Again and again he went headlong into the black mud or slipped sideways into a dyke. Again and again the stumps bruised his shins and the supple branches of the sallows lashed his face. His clothes were torn and muddy, soaking wet from repeated immersion in the dykes; his face was cut and bleeding, his legs and hands were scratched and bruised. Jane followed madly behind him, terrified of the thing that had frightened her master.

He got out safely at last, and once again in the open his courage returned. He stood at the edge of the swamp listening; but the silence within was unbroken—not even a moorhen's croak nor a bat's squeak nor the heavy splash and wallow of the big carp and bream in the pools.

And that was uncommon queer, says Sam.

. . . . . .

At each stile on the way home Sam found a pair of lovers; and he says that he was never so glad to see anybody as that first couple huddled in each other's arms not two meadows away from the Silent Pool. It was like coming back to sanity after madness; returning from that weird and gloomy haunt of nameless things to the sane old earth, where flowers blossomed and corn was gathered in sheaves, and men and women loved as other men and women have done since the human race began. Sam says he could have put a fatherly arm round the two of them and hugged them yet closer together, if that were possible; equally he was prepared to cry; but as it was, he contented himself with a broad grin and a merry "Goodnight" just to hear his normal voice again. But they were too much engrossed in their business of loving even to notice him.

So with Jane once more returned to her senses and padding meticulously at his heels, over the Summer Leasow, across the Twenty Acres, down over Starveall, up over the Quitch Meadow, along Honeysuckle Lane—Sam went home.

. . . . . .

Oddly enough, most urgent business took Sam back

to the Silent Pool next morning, when the bright sun had dispelled the previous evening's fears; for hounds were cubbing in the osiers, and there's never such a good time to pick up a rabbit or a hare as when hounds are drawing, and game is disturbed, and everybody's attention is riveted upon foxes. Besides, should anyone, knowing your vocation, ask you what you're doing there, what easier than to reply: "Watching the hounds, sir; and surely you don't grudge a poor man his bit of honest sport?" and then if it's the Master, you tell him confidentially of that vixen you have spotted in the hazel brake, and so perhaps get half-a-crown in addition to your hare. . . .

Sam stayed outside the covert. Hounds did not find, and no wonder, says Sam, for they bunched together at the edge of the osiers and never tried the thick beds around the Silent Pool at all. But it was reassuring to hear the huntsman's clear voice waking the echoes in that desolate place.

. . . . .

Now, it may be that there is a natural, logical explanation of all that Sam felt and heard and saw down by the Silent Pool. It may be that for the first time in his life Sam's imagination ran riot and his senses played him false. But let me remind you once more that there are few natural phenomena that Sam does not know the meaning of (since the wind and the storm and the sun and the moon are his playmates); and, further, that he is not in the habit of seeing and hearing and feeling Things.

Sam is constitutionally averse to publicity. So he did not go home on that evening in mid-September and sit down to pen letters to the newspapers and the Society for Psychical Research. Instead, he reserves his story for those rare evenings down in the "Green Dragon" bar, in the company of one or two favoured folk like myself, over a pint of the landlord's best, half-an-hour after closing time—but that, as I said before, is another matter entirely.

Italy

By Douglas Grant Ainslie

[*This poem, written at Milan in* 1913, *first appeared in its present form in the* ". . . Et Ultra," *a Sicilian journal, December* 1927. *Two Italian translations had been made, but that by Lina Caico was the one printed side by side with the English text. When Mussolini saw the Ode last March, he reprinted it at once in his own journal, the* "Tevere," *and it has thus become familiar all over Italy and her colonies.*]

ITALY! Italy! England how clear she cries:
"Come o'er the Alps again, come o'er the snow;
Dance through the vintage of France with the dear free eyes,
Dance with the nymphs of the Seine as you go!"

Italy! Italy! Why should I cling to thee,
Thou that hast worshippers score upon score,
Poets and painters and lovers to bring to thee,
Passionate kisses and memories of yore?

Laura-Petrarca, Paolo-Francesca,
Beatrice-Dante, the cadences fall;
Muse of the Harmony Ariostesca,
Tasso, the silvery syllables call!

Raphael paints like the dawn, Giorgione
Brings us to Paradise here upon earth:
Titian! Vinci!—No peaks are lonely,
Peopled with loveliness ye brought to birth.

Italy! Italy! I too, I love thee well,
I that have scarce touched thy cheek with my lips,
Scarce seen the sun kiss thy turreted citadel,
Scarce seen thy smile set the world in eclipse.

Italy! Italy! I too was made for thee,
Changed at my birth for some child of the mist;
I walked afar, while he laughed and he played for thee
Music on lutes that my fathers had kissed.

Music was born on thy slopes, Monteverde,
  Sings with Bellini, Rossini beyond;
Masters! Europa was mute till she heard ye;
Verdi! Cries Echo, thy mountains respond.

Now at this last I have found and I cleave to thee,
  Land that my footsteps have trodden so late;
Well will it be if my passing may leave to thee
  One northern pearl for the crown of thy State.

Pearl not of oyster that slumbers in ocean,
  Fair, yet unworthy thy forehead to bind,
Pearl of the thought of eternal devotion,
  Italy, Queen of the heart and the mind.

Futurity

By Geoffrey Johnson

Two blackbirds are coquetting
  Outside her little pane;
Two blackbirds are duetting
  Where blossom falls in rain.
    High and low meet, and sad and sweet,
    Married in casual strain.

But she lies broken-hearted,
  Remembering what was done
Ere blackthorn-bursts had started
  By pools in sudden sun;
    For there were two with heart so true—
    And now there is but one.

He will not come: no, never,
  Though blossom come again,
Her blossom's blown for ever—
  But there's a fiercer pain,
    For O, her fruit the year will bruit
    Is fire-red in her brain!

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Criminals and the Press

"That was a cool piece of work, that diamond robbery in Hatton Garden," said Heddle.

"Was it?" answered Sergeant Murphy. "That case is being thried by the *Daily Hoot*; so it would be *infra dig.* for me to commint on it, me own paper, the *Daily Wire*, bein' engaged in handlin' the Roehampton Murdher case. Everybody in the office, bar the Cross-Word Puzzle Editor, is on the job, and we're doin' the thing thoroughly. Why, the interview with the lift man at Charing Cross who saw the man with the mole on his cheek who may have bought the meat-axe at Berwick Market runs to eighty-wan folios. Bludge, our Third Degree man, did the job. And the pictures. We've wan of the lift man hookin' his dhrive at Richmond Public Golf Course, wan of his sisther, who's a mannequin at the Arsenal Co-operative Society, and wan of the Honourable Mintion certificate he got for breedin' vegetable marrows. Whin we've solved the mysthery, we'll tell the police."

"There's a lot about crime in the papers," remarked Heddle.

"There is," said the Sergeant, "and why not? There's nothing so fascinatin'. A banner headline in the paper, 'The Future of the British Empire,' makes loyal Britons fumble hurriedly for the racin' pages; but if you put instead, 'Scalp Wound with Scythe. Was It Self-Inflicted?' the same min'll let their pipes go cold while they're readin' every word of the story.

"It's a curious thing, Heddle, that it's only the best min and women that take to crime. Accordin' to the papers, the woman in every case is a young and beautiful advinturess with lusthrous eyes that 'ud lure a policeman off point-duty in the Sthrand. The man is always a fellah of good family with muscles of steel, who, if he'd taken to an honest occupation, would have gone to the floor with Winston for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

"That's why the Sunday papers leave no gravestone

unturned to get the thrue life-histhory of the man in the condimned cell. Often three of thim will publish three different biographies of the same fellah, provin' that he must have lived more than a double life.

"An hour after an arrest is made, a represintative of a paper comes down the chimney or through the barred window of the cell to get the prisoner's signature to a conthract for a supply of articles.

"And the competition among them is gettin' terrible. What's the result? A few years ago the widow of a thriple-assassin would give you his life-histhory for a five pound note and a dozen free copies of the paper to sind to friends. Now the fellah has his literary agent, and, with the newspapers biddin' agen wan another, the cost is runnin' into hundhreds.

"Do you wondher that some of the papers are givin' up the fight and are leavin' it to the fiction editor to do the best he can with the stories?

"Of course, they make up for it partly be supplyin' their readers with thrillin' histhories of non-copyright criminals. I'm told there's rows of houses in Bloomsbury shelterin' min who earn good livin's be tellin' again the adventures of Jack the Ripper, Charles Peace and that lot. And the story always goes well when it's alongside the Sunday thoughts of a famous divine.

"Mind you, I'm not blamin' the editors of the papers. I know wan or two, harmless min who grow vegetable marrow in the suburbs and whose only connection with crime is gettin' out of a railway carriage while the thrain is still in motion. They're simply givin' the public what they think the public want.

"There's wan good thing about all this, Heddle. We've raised the social status of the crook. There was a time whin he was looked down on, and whin a person 'ud no more boast of having a cat-burglar in the family than he would of havin' eaten asparagus be the butt-end. But now that photos of a crook and his family, front face, profile and *en échelon*, take the leadin' place in the front page of a paper, crime is linin' up with the other arts of life.

"Shelley, if he came into our office with a perfect poem, 'Eve on Exmoor,' would be turned out; but a fellah with an article 'Days in Dartmoor'——"

Theme with Variations

By Horace Shipp

The Ring Cycle. (Royal Opera, Covent Garden.)
Love in a Village. (Lyric, Hammersmith.)
The Show Boat. (Drury Lane.)

FEW speculations are more fascinating than that upon the reason for the presence of an audience at any particular theatrical entertainment. At times I long to turn to my neighbour in a theatre and defy the traditions of English reticence by demanding of him why he is there; whether he seeks diversion, thrill, good acting, or the work of one particular player; whether he's a friend of the author and cannot decently meet him without having seen the piece; and generally, from what source he obtains his enjoyment of the theatre. The problem was borne home upon me when, in face of a "house full" in the rest of the house, I saw the vast production of *The Show Boat* at Drury Lane from one of the cheaper seats. The reactions of the audience were almost as entertaining as the piece itself, and at moments considerably more so. Three young men behind me were evidently paying at least a second visit, although the piece had only been on for seven performances. They hummed or sang through all the more catchy tunes. Many others of the audience, in a less encyclopædic stage of appreciation, contented themselves by swaying with or beating out the rhythms. One old gentleman—whose approach to the verge of the allotted span of human life made me wonder how he had sustained the ordeal by standing which has been devised specially to discourage theatre-going among the poorer classes—amused and amazed me by clapping his hands violently and perpendicularly above his head after almost every song and at the disappearance of any outstanding member of the cast.

So far as I could judge, the audience were soundly if sentimentally appreciative of the best, and critical of the errors of the production. They obviously adored the best thing in it, Mr. Paul Robeson's singing of "Ol' Man

River." It seems from everybody's viewpoint a pity that he has not a better part in the play, for he happens to be a fine actor as well as to possess an excellent voice. Cedric Hardwicke, too, struggling manfully with comedy stuff which is not vastly funny, contrived to make it seem as if it were. The scene on the stage within the stage when Mr. Hardwicke undertakes the whole performance of a melodrama was adorable and duly adored. The dancing, when it is good, was approved by many connoisseurs; my three young men picked out specific people from a large and uniformly clad chorus for their wise comments. The story (and there is a story) was not followed at all; the theme (and there happens to be a theme) did not dawn upon most of the people present. Despite the dates on the programme, the passage of time was not grasped.

In certain respects the trouble with *The Show Boat* is that it has more story and consequence than is usual in these big musical shows. The attempt to put into even fifteen scenes the whole of a complicated novel means that there is no time to develop character or to make the action acceptable; and the audience, having once allowed its attention to wander from the development of the story, lives for the tune, the dance or the fun of the moment. The sentimental belief that those who give all for love will end in expensive gowns and their lovers' arms, with, item, a love duet and the support of a full chorus, is a basic assumption. Selfishness and greed are the paths to failure unless the universal magnanimity of the final curtain divert the erring villains. All this seems to find little support in the world of mere fact, so that its acceptance in this world of the popular theatre is psychologically interesting; and as I watched that vast audience react so certainly to this theme, I realized that one of the functions which the theatre fulfils for them is the creation of a world "nearer to the heart's desire," where things do work out this way, where there is hypnotizing music and rhythmic movement and gay colour, and a spice of sex to titillate the senses.

Thereupon, approaching the sacro-sanctity of the Ring Cycle, I chanced upon a phrase in a critical study which, speaking of the chord wherewith *The Rhinegold*

opens, said: "for it depicts the depths of the Rhine, that is, of the Teutonic heart, and that heart says that whoever—individual or race, god or man—renounces love for gold will die." And immediately the humble pit of the Drury Lane Theatre and the expensive boxes at Covent Garden were bridged. Granted that the audience at the opera can boast a cultured sense of values of the music and singing (they have little or none of the production, and therefore this in opera is as bad as any theatrical production in the world), this appreciation of virtuosity is the Covent Garden equivalent of the understanding approval of my three young men. Immediately we analyse the story element of opera, it reveals itself as sister to the musical shows beloved by the masses. In Wagner's hands this becomes exalted into a philosophy; and in the hands of his disciples that philosophy has become yet again exalted into something like a holy scripture. When we have opera conceived by lesser minds, anything which offers a chance for a conventional kind of situation is suitable fare, and invariably we find our old friends of sentimental romance taking the stage.

The truth is that naturalistically produced and acted opera drives us back upon its musical values. Hence we find ourselves concerned solely with these and accepting the rest as something which is not quite satisfying, but cannot be helped.

Love in a Village, the eighteenth-century ballad opera at the Lyric Theatre, albeit it is again a rendering of the sentimental romantic theme, is so frankly and consistently a piece of art that the mind has no worry to reconcile combative elements. It has not, of course, anything like the musical values of even the lesser grand operas, to say nothing of the mighty sweep of the Ring Cycle, but it has this consistency as art. It is excellently produced. Mr. George Sheringham has given delightful settings and costumes after the style of Rowlandson; and the stylized acting and confessed incredibility of the situations remove it from any danger of being subjected to the criteria of life and nature. Its charm is contagious, and probably both that audience which finds its pabulum at Covent Garden and that which draws upon Drury Lane will meet happily under Mr. Nigel Playfair's roof.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

THE SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD, 1550–1604, FROM CONTEMPORARY DOCUMENTS. By B. M. WARD. Murray. 21s.

THIS is a contribution to Elizabethan biography of first-rate importance, for Mr. Ward has used unpublished and hitherto undiscovered documents to do justice to Edward de Vere, who has been misrepresented. Coming of a family long famous in English history, he had all the versatility of the Renaissance hero. He won the championship in knightly tournaments, he fought in the Armada, and he was always loyal in the service of his Queen. He was distinguished in letters. Yet he needs Mr. Ward's not always successful apologies for his conduct. His reckless extravagance, hot temper and arrogance were against him. He proclaims his selfishness when he writes: "Always I have, and I will still, prefer mine own content before others." This to Burghley, whose daughter he had married and deserted for several years on grounds that were wholly inadequate. He and Burghley, the wise, solemn statesman, were not fitted to be happy together for long, but Oxford made things more difficult than they need have been. He was rude to Sir Philip Sidney in a notorious quarrel which Mr. Ward has put in a juster light, and Sidney was for years in opposition to him on several grounds. So was Christopher Hatton. The combinations of nobles and courtiers, playing for places and the favour of Elizabeth, explain much that would be otherwise obscure. It was a mean business, and one sympathizes with the stout soldier who called them "reptilia."

Whatever was said against Oxford, he remained, and deserved to remain, high in the Queen's favour. His conversion to Catholicism and recantation are not pleasant, but the criminal charges against him came from a traitor whose dealings with Spain he exposed.

It seems likely that the dissipation of his estates went chiefly to the support of literature. He wrote quite good verse and composed music; he was a generous patron much applauded by writers, and his uncle was the Golding whose "Ovid" Shakespeare used. He received a mysterious £1,000 a year regularly from the Exchequer from 1586 till his death in 1604. This was a sum of unusual magnitude in those days, and Mr. Ward suggests, after considering other reasons for it, that the Queen gave it to him for dramatic entertainments. She did not share Burghley's dislike of the stage, and the popular dramatist Lyly was Oxford's secretary. The quartos of Lyly's plays were published anonymously, and the reason suggested is that Oxford collaborated in writing them. Thus he produced with his own company of players a hardly veiled allegory of the Queen and her lover Anjou, being himself a strong supporter of the French match. It is

not easy to unravel facts and motives from the tortuous and elaborate letter-writing of the time, but Mr. Ward's suggestions, where not supported by documentary evidence, are more reasonable than others made after much less research. He has rehabilitated with great care a brilliant but not on the whole very attractive figure. V. R.

PORTRAITS OF THE NEW CENTURY. By E. T. RAYMOND. Benn. 12s. 6d.

WITH the unexpected death of E. T. Raymond contemporary journalism has lost one of its most interesting personalities and one of its most honest writers. If in Fleet Street Mr. Thompson was known as the skilful editor of the *Evening Standard*, in literature he is primarily the author of the studies of personalities which brought him fame with the publication of "Uncensored Celebrities," and gave us this new volume just before his death.

The form demands rare powers of mind and pen allied to a quality of character which will save the writer from cheap smartness at the expense of those with whom he disagrees and fulsome praise for those he admires. Nothing less judicial will justify a man in presenting his contemporaries, and it was just this combination of qualities which E. T. Raymond had. With it went a sense of humour and a wittiness in expression which freed his writing from any danger of sentimentality.

From these portraits of the public men of the first ten years of the new century emerges one of the author himself as a looker-on, with judgment so well balanced that his opinion of his contemporaries is part of history.

POWERS AND PILLARS: INTIMATE PORTRAITS OF BRITISH PERSONALITIES. By RUDOLF KIRCHER. With 32 photographs. Collins. 25s.

THESE sketches of eminent or prominent figures in English life have been translated with revisions and additions from the author's original text designed for German consumption. They explain with delightful freedom and a gift for epigram things that must be strange to a foreigner, and it is a sign of the writer's understanding of English life that he includes Hobbs, a leader in that national game which, unlike lawn tennis, has remained an insular achievement. Mr. Kircher is, however, incorrect in his ideas about sporting papers. *Bell's Life* was flourishing and getting special news by a rapid courier about the Derby some years before he thinks such papers began. Lord Balfour—who is credited with replying, when asked if he was going to marry Margot Tennant, "No, I rather think of having a career of my own"—is put above Lord Oxford as a representative of the "scholar politician." But it was the latter who quoted the Æneid in the old style in Parliamentary debate, and spoke and wrote on the classics a few years since. Balfour was not his equal in academic

distinction, though a philosophic mind made him a master of dialectic, a formidable gift but often less useful than the Asquithian precision. However, what is said about the scholarly type is admirably just, and Mr. Baldwin, for all his pretence of simplicity, belongs to it. Mr. Lloyd George's position is described as "very largely due to his personal shortcomings," and pungent things are said about Mr. MacDonald and Lord Birkenhead. On the new magnates of the Press Mr. Kircher is frank and illuminating :—

> It is often the fault of the Press Lords themselves if their political importance is over-estimated. They positively demand it; it is part of their *métier* to be over-estimated.

He describes various prominent figures in this line, and decides that "there are journalists who make less noise, and whose work is of a higher order than that of the statesman-journalist."

ORIENTAL LITERATURE

ADVENTURES IN ARABIA. By W. B. SEABROOK. Illustrated with many photographs and with pen-drawings by A. G. PECK. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

ADVENTURES in Arabia have always been fascinating, if not invariably veracious. But very little has to be discounted in Mr. Seabrook's case, and this is the more remarkable considering the haphazard way in which he picked up his moderate knowledge of spoken Arabic by conversing with "Arab cooks and amiable sons of Sinbad in Washington Street slums and Arab scholars on Columbia Heights," and hearing scraps, bit by bit, from Druse friends at Beirut, before he ventured among the Bedawis.

The manner of his introduction to Arab life was extraordinarily lucky. He had always longed for adventures in the East, and chanced to meet in New York a young Druse, son of the historian Suleiman Bey Izz-ed-din, who was living at Beirut. Armed with an introduction from the son, he went to Beirut and there was warmly welcomed by the father and also by the son who had returned from New York. These friends presented him to the Amir Amin Arslan, sheikh of the powerful clan of the Beni-Sakhr, who had also settled in his old age at Beirut. With such allies everything became easy, and he wisely avoided any aid from French or English influence and relied solely on his Arab acquaintance. The Amir Amin Arslan gave him a letter to Mitkal Pasha el-Fayiz, sheikh of sheikhs of the Beni-Sakhr, and Mitkal welcomed him to his black tents like a brother. Mr. Seabrook's freedom from sectarian prejudices enabled him to recite the Muslim "profession of faith" without compromising his general theistic ideas, and Mitkal received him unhesitatingly as a true believer. There was no apostasy or imposture about it. The Arabs are very easy-going in religion and Mr. Seabrook was not obliged to conform to any special Mohammedan rites. The

sheikh's jolly black slave, Mansur, wanted very much to instruct him in the prayers and ritual of Islam, but Mitkal said he need not bother. The American was rather surprised at the general slackness of the Bedawis about prayer. He saw Mitkal saying his prayers more or less on behalf of the rest, whilst the others went on chatting and smoking without taking notice, and he found that it is bad manners among the Arabs to watch a man at his prayers. But Mr. Seabrook watched everything and everybody in friendly observation. His power of noticing and recording every detail of Arab life and custom is most remarkable, and it is evident that his record is true. He lived among the Beni-Sakhr as one of themselves, and even joined them in a raid, not without danger and tremendous exhaustion. His account of the habits, manners and customs, not only of his hosts—for the Beni-Sakhr are a rich tribe and their sheikh lived in luxury when he was not on the war-path—but of other and rougher tribes, like the Rawalla, whose manners were sometimes a little brutal, rivals even Doughty's classical work, without being enshrined in Elizabethan English, though Mr. Seabrook's style is quite sound and he can be eloquent. His notes on desert law, or tribal custom, are particularly valuable, for the "law" of the Bedawis, which has nothing to do with the law of Islam, is strict and is rigidly enforced. Endless examples in this book will astonish those who do not know them. Their code of honour is shown in many admirable examples and equals any medieval standard of chivalry. The desert idyll or romance or tragedy—for it is all three—called "For the eyes of Gutne," reminds one of the stories of the heroic age, "the days of ignorance" before Islam, and this wonderful story of Gutne, strange as it may seem, is obviously true and taken down from the lips of those who knew it at first hand. It is the gem of the volume. But the whole account of life among the Beni-Sakhr is much better than fiction. Mr. Seabrook is a born adventurer and a marvellously acute observer, with an open mind and quick sympathies, yet ready to admit and register the darker side of Arab life, though he is more keen to admire than to discredit. His account of "the robber-saint" comes next in interest to the idyll of Gutne. His visit, this time with his wife, to castles of the famous Druse leader, Sultan Pasha el-Atrash, in "the Mountain" (Jebel), whose great war with the French took place soon after, is also full of interest and novelty. It is true Mr. Seabrook was not allowed, any more than other inquirers, to penetrate the mysteries of Druse religion, and was only able to offer a probable explanation of the legendary reincarnation of the caliph El-Hakim as a golden calf, but he has a great deal that is interesting and often new to tell about Druse character and customs. No people has kept itself so frigidly aloof from other races. No Druse girl ever marries outside her race and

religion. If she does, she is killed. "It is not for personal vengeance," said Sheikh Fuad; "it is not for anything personal at all. It is for the purity of our race. It is for the good of unborn Druses."

A word of praise is due to the excellent photographs and pen-and-ink sketches. S. L.-P.

THE HOME OF FADELESS SPLENDOUR. By GEORGE NAPIER WHITTINGHAM. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

THIS book appears in an abridged and revised form. We are told that it is "a thankoffering made by a friend who strangely, and as if by a miracle, escaped from the very jaws of death while fighting in Palestine." *L'Avant propos*, to which we are directed for an elucidation of this statement, does not, however, clear up the connection, while its rather theatrical style will hardly commend it to the discriminating reader.

As a whole, the book may be described as a guide-book to Palestine, in which descriptions of the scenery and topography of the country are interspersed with an extremely condensed account of the holy places. It may be thought that the author has erred on the side of excessive compression; but there are, no doubt, many people to whom the book will be useful—especially, perhaps, the American tourists who nowadays flock to the Holy Land. We notice one or two attractive legends, among which may be mentioned the story of St. Veronica and the imprint of the Saviour's face on the linen cloth. A stone slab in the temple area is said to mark the grave of certain of the murderers of Becket, penitential pilgrims to the Holy Land.

While the author is obviously inspired with enthusiasm, the title chosen gives more than a hint of the style in which he writes.

Several errors have escaped correction. On page 57, a quotation from the Authorized Version is referred in a footnote to The Vulgate; and in Chapter III, the Convent of St. George (which clings, like a martin's nest, to the barren and precipitous cliffs of the Wadi Kelt), is said to be "surrounded by beautiful gardens." Later, the Plain of Jericho is put 300 ft. below sea-level instead of 1,300, and in the same chapter the author alludes to the virtually unchanging level of the Dead Sea (actually, it *has* varied slightly since Kitchener made his survey), as an "inexplicable phenomenon." It is really quite simple. In the oppressive heat of the great fault-cleft which holds this strange sunken sea, the evaporation almost exactly balances the steady influx from the Jordan. As a result, the level of the water has remained practically constant throughout the centuries.

The book is illustrated with sixteen etchings and maps of Palestine and Jerusalem, and there are also appendixes, a short bibliography, and an index.

PERSIAN PICTURES. By GERTRUDE BELL. With a preface by SIR E. DENISON ROSS. Benn. 10s. 6d.

ONE is glad to see these early impressions of Persia by so sympathetic a student as Gertrude Bell re-issued after thirty-four years. The book did not attract much notice when it appeared anonymously in 1894, and "was soon forgotten," Sir E. Denison Ross says, like another book of Eastern life, the late and always lamented Professor E. G. Browne's "Year Among the Persians," which was published a year earlier. By a curious coincidence the present writer reviewed both books with genuine admiration, and, in the case of the "Year Among the Persians," with enthusiasm, in the old *St. James's Gazette*, which, under that great editor, Frederick Greenwood and his successor, Mr. (now Sir) Sidney Low, laid special stress on reviews of books. Sir E. Denison Ross says that this reprint is "from the only copy known to me," but the copy from which I reviewed the original edition, not then knowing the author, is still among the favourites of my library. Young as she was on this her first visit to the East, with her aunt, the wife of Sir Frank Lascelles, then Minister at Teheran, Gertrude Bell's impressions of Persia are full of the insight and sympathy which marked all her writings on Oriental people and are well worth reading now. S. L.-P.

POETRY

THIS BLIND ROSE. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Gollancz. 6s.
THE VORTEX. By REDWOOD ANDERSON. Gollancz. 6s.
DEDICATION. By VIOLA GARVIN. Gollancz. 3s. 6d.
LIGHT. By J. G. LE BRETON. Blackwell. 3s. 6d.

AFTER the splendid achievement of "Requiem" it would be marvellous if Mr. Humbert Wolfe sustained his level, but there are so many exquisite things in "This Blind Rose" that again and again we are tempted to believe he has done so. The book is less total in deliberate conception—a collection of various pieces—but because of the poet's individuality, both of technique and of philosophy, it falls into an indisputable pattern. Mr. Wolfe is the Platonist among poets. Things exist for him, love exists for him, not in the accidents of place, person, and event, but to create a shining image which will reflect back to the eternal. When he puts it upon paper, he confesses it to be of "the one that I have not written, the discarded husk." So the shadow of the real stands again between us and the eternal:

> There is a net of colour at the edge of the mind,
> And the poet beats against it, as a bird
> Against a stained glass window, but behind
> The window, distance stainless, cold, unstirred.

Out in that distance dwell the timeless, deathless things of which the poet writes, and this book is a record of the earthly chances which set him wandering thither. Love is a recurring theme

because that, more than all else, is potent; but places and flowers, music and stray thought are potent, too.

Of the poet's technical achievement only quotation could testify adequately, and not even that, for his method is one of building up image by image to convey an idea and a mood. The beauty of individual images takes the breath, as in

> The silver mutiny of a boy's singing

or

> The small brown freckle—in heaven—of a lark.

Packed with meaning and almost surfeited by the beauty he seeks so consistently, the verses have to be read and re-read, and always there is more to find.

Mr. Redwood Anderson stands almost at the other pole, but is, nevertheless, a poet. He is a realist, concerned rather with a Cubist expression of truth than with beauty. Life for him is the life of towns, of factories, of mechanics; and whenever he can put this down in hard lines, in rhomboids and rectangles, he will.

> The theatre with its jewelled face
> Flares bright among the rectilinear gloom
> Of roofs that loom
> Against the shadowed lights of space.

is a typical picture from the many Mr. Anderson gives of contemporary urban life. His mannerism of repeating groups of lines sometimes seems wasteful; but generally he is economical with language, if not with space, for he uses the line-end to punctuate and thereby commits himself to many short lines.

Both Miss Garvin and Mr. Le Breton are difficult to deal with after the high song of Mr. Wolfe and the stark realism of Mr. Anderson. Yet both in the traditional way are good writers and real poets. Miss Garvin has an unerring sense of melody, and finds metres which express her moods and words which convey her reactions to pictures of the world about her. Mr. Le Breton, more abstract in thought and more ambitious in theme, is tempted more often to capital-lettered abstractions and the Anglo-Saxon "Thee" and "Thou." There is sincerity, however, and a sense of language and rhythm in both books, and they should find favour with lovers of poetry. H. S.

FICTION

THE ENGLISH MISS. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

"ÇA, C'EST UNE ANGLAISE!" was the remark an old Frenchwoman made on Mr. Mottram's heroine, a schoolgirl holiday-making on the sands with a schoolboy, their parents being next-door neighbours and friends in English suburbia, though very different in character. The girl is a tomboy, keen on games and her boy friend. Later we have a glimpse of her at a school which is too quaint in some ways to be typical, and her character is

developed in war-work at a camp run by an imposing old lady who loves the limelight and hangs on to every chance of publicity:

> The thing she could never get used to was that, when she indignantly severed her connection with the movement which for the moment impeded her, and waited confidently to be asked to come back, she never was asked.

After the armistice she insists on taking her camp over to France, and there the girl seeks for the grave of her schoolboy, to whom she had in her undemonstrative way engaged herself before he went to the front. The sequel may be left to the reader.

The ironies of war fuss and the relentless French practicality are, of course, excellently done by Mr. Mottram; but his real triumph is the character of the girl, strong and good-looking, but only a little above the average in brains, and, above all, concerned with cleanliness and fitness of body rather than with sex. Indeed, her religion seems to be mostly washing. This blonde does not prey after gentlemen. Her reserve, her good sense and cleanliness of mind are, we hope and believe, still essentially English. She meets crude expositions of amorousness with disdain, and lives through shocks which might break up a neurotic mind. The book is admirably written, and we cannot help congratulating a writer of distinction on supporting the return to sanity in matters of sex. Here is a breath of fresh air after the crowded vapours of advanced heroines designed to attract shopgirls; a piece of England, not of a smart set.

KAI LUNG UNROLLS HIS MAT. By ERNEST BRAMAH. Richards Press. 7s. 6d.

THE world has a strange distrust of sequels, but with the Greeks we say, "Good things twice or thrice." Mr. Bramah is an admirable virtuoso in a style of his own, and his Kai Lung remains a special delight. Though he has grown patriarchal and has a tendency to be long-winded, his tales are unique in their telling and setting. His audience at the end has melted away, but he has retained our close attention. The irony of the Chinese honorific dialect and the sly parodies of Western sayings are as amusing as ever. We like particularly the story of the poor young man who invented fermented drink by accident, the proverb, "Even the guileless turtle does not put his head out twice," and the notables who shook hands with themselves. While much is in the genuine spirit of fairy-tale, we can recognize Chinese maxims apt for today, such as "The Destinies arrange, but under our benevolent Government all must help themselves."

CRUSADE. By DON BYRNE. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

LITERARY prophets are assuring us that the reaction from the novel of sex psychology and realistic sociology is leading us straight to a revival of romance and sentiment. Mr. Don Byrne has worked steadily forward in the romantic vein, and his

invention seldom falters when it is called upon to yield this type. In his new book he has taken his beloved Ireland as the spiritual starting place, but turned to the scenes of the Crusades as a worthily romantic setting for his story. At its best moments it carries us forward with a fine spirit, and the love story which rides side by side with the adventure should satisfy anyone to whom love is still an emotion and not a study in sex psychology. There are, nevertheless, passages where the book becomes a fancy-dress ball, and we sigh for the old Don Byrne who gave us "Blind Raftery." Perhaps the truth is that that book is shorter measure and that a little of this too romantic manner goes a long way. So, fine as these excursions in history of Mr. Byrne's are, we like him best at home, even though he puts in more thrill than a detective shocker and as much romance as a novelette.

THE BITTER END. By JOHN BROPHY. Dent. 7s. 6d.

IN this story of the war the author depicts the spiritual odyssey of Donald Foster, who enlists from a Liverpool secondary school, at 17, and "sees it through" to the bitter end.

Donald is typical of the gentler of his class; for him, religion is as apprehended in a somewhat below-the-average middle-class family, with woman a subject for unquestioning chivalry, as set forth in the "Idylls of the King"; and the survival of these none too solid fundamentals (or most of them) in face of the joyous ribaldry of camp life and the grim conundrum of indiscriminate slaughter is not the less convincing for being unexpected. Of the three women that cross his path, two serve but to stir in him the knightly instincts of an Arthur, and when he is inspired to love by the miraculously gracious daughter of a profiteer, a prettily conceived romance in the making is spoilt by gratuitous prudery.

The Western Front is vividly done, but the book demands attention chiefly as a thoughtful and in many ways remarkable picture of the ideals of visionary adolescence and how they may fare in the clash of abnormal realities.

IRON RATIONS. By HESKETH PEARSON. Palmer. 7s. 6d.

IN twelve stories and nine essays Mr. Pearson provides striking pictures and criticisms of the British campaigns in Persia and Mesopotamia. But little has been written about this field of the war in comparison with the other fronts, and his views are admirably vivid, except when he overdoes the facetious paraphrase. Besides the ironies of war familiar elsewhere—the casual distribution of honours, the promotion of shirkers, and the waste of heroic energy through carelessness—he records the trials of the killing heat. It is distressing to notice that the common soldier was ill-fed while officers had plenty, but we hope there were not many men in authority so odious as the Major Trotters of "Swinging the Lead." The author does not pretend to take any expert interest in archæology, but he has seen men and cities of the East

with an observing eye, and has lost some illusions, especially in Persia.

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF THE WORLD. Chosen by BARRETT H. CLARK. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THIS is one of the best bargains we have seen for a long time, since the reader can have at a moderate price a large choice of stories, old and new, from all parts of the world. Many of the foreign stories are specially translated for this volume; the work of M. Gide, Herman Bang (a tragedy of the circus), and others is notable in these sections. We much prefer Turgenef to Gorky in the tales given, and have never cared for the faded preciosity of Longus in "Daphnis and Chloe"; but in "Cupid and Psyche" Apuleius brings off his mannered grace. America stands high with "Rip van Winkle" and "Daisy Miller," whose charm for us has not faded with the years. Malory's "Sir Galahad" introduces happily the English section, which concludes with two admirable and very different stories by living writers of distinction. Publishers today object so much to unusual lengths in fiction that only an author of established reputation can hope to get short novels into print. Voltaire's brilliant "Zadig," which is given here, exhibits for the first time the inductions of the detective story.

GENERAL

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH AND JOHN DOVER WILSON. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

THIS is an excellent edition, in which the Cambridge pair maintain their reputation for searching originality on the textual side, and freedom from the paralysing sentimentality which has made Shakespeare a demi-god above ordinary men. *The Taming of the Shrew* is not a great play, though excellent fun, and it has some poor and coarse stuff in it, as it is wise to admit. Nowadays we are not inclined to say: "Shakespeare could not have written this or that, it is too poor for him"; and though the notes exhibit that attitude once, "Q" in his introduction makes very pretty play with the folks who say that Shakespeare wrote all the good things in his plays and employed an inferior collaborator to write the bad ones. The *Shrew* is now carried back to quite an early date in Shakespeare's career as a playwright, and there is really no reason to doubt that he wrote all of it. Incidentally, with his Warwickshire references he signed it to the confusion of those who waste time, patience, and paper by inventing another author.

The work of the Cambridge editors on the text is particularly good. They show how the Folio version of the *Shrew* came about, and experience tells them the most likely sources of error. Here they find very little of the dramatic spelling, which to us is no great loss, as we have never had a firm belief in it. The notes, gathering up the best of past work, show wide knowledge and good sense.

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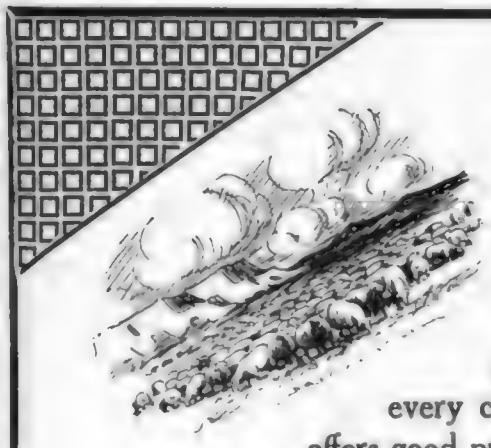

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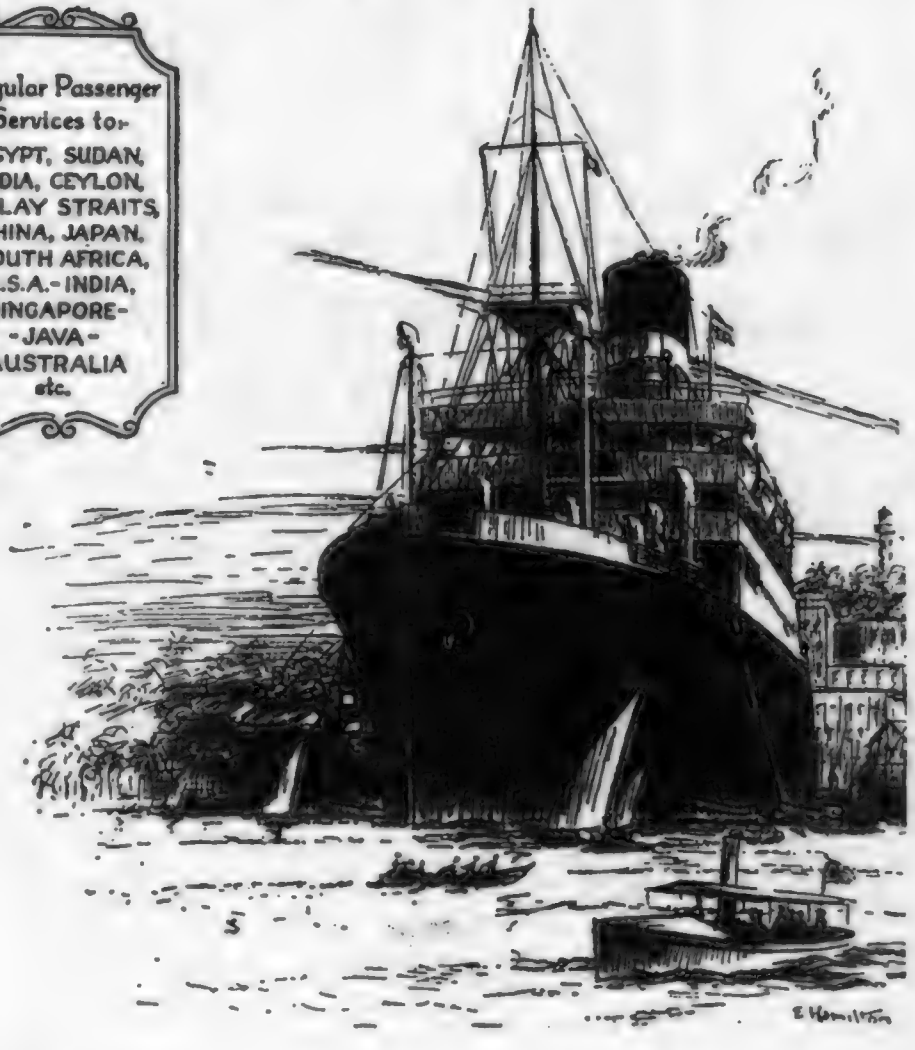

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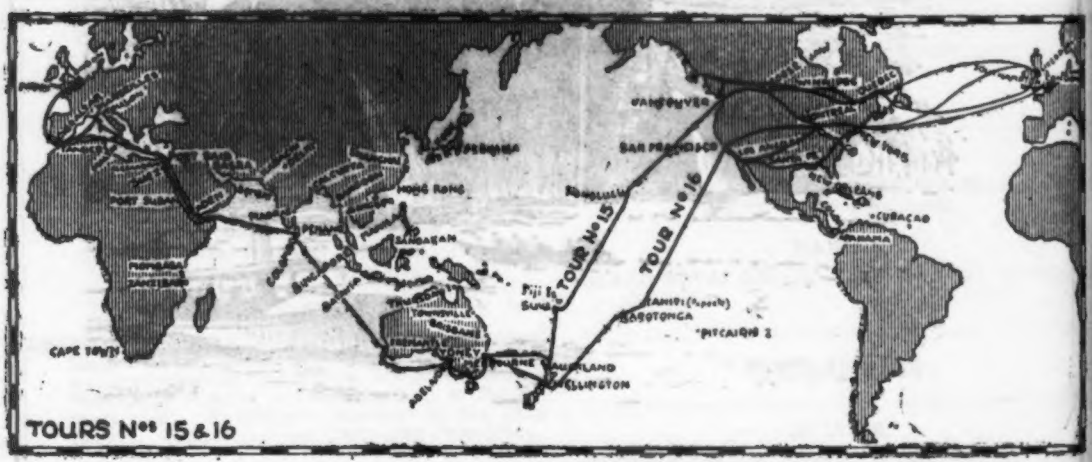

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